MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

JAMES C. MILLAR.

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YARMOUTH, N. S.
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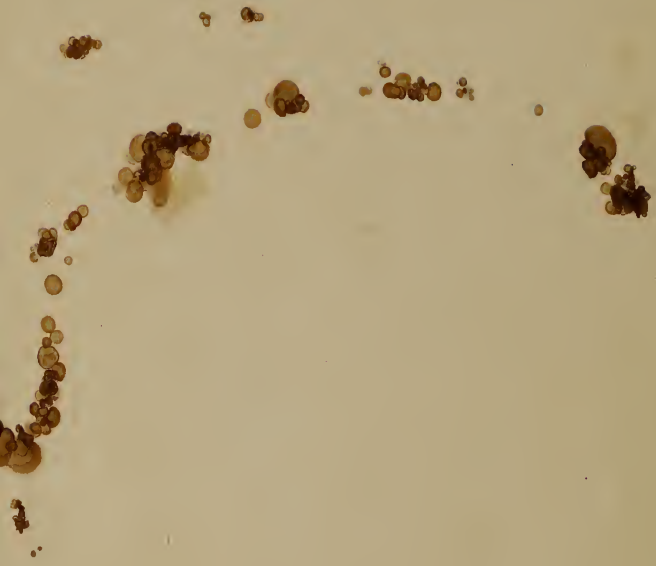

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ERRATA.

British Flag, 3rd page—3rd line—read extended.

Murtogh O'Shane's letter, 39th page—26th line—read Grosse Cocque, and 39th line—read pre-em'nent.

The Lake and Stream, 36th page—heading—leave out an Idyl.

Ye Rustics Sage, &c., 49th page—3 last stanzas—notes of exclamation.

Hardscratch Rabbits, 78th page—35th line—read Ganderville.

PREFACE.

THE history of the following productions is briefly told.

Many years have now elapsed since I was seized with the mania for "stringing blethars up in rhyme," as Burns has facetiously described it; and some of them have at intervals appeared in the columns of different periodicals.

I have now ventured to present them collectively before the public; but not "through the advice of friends;" for that, I consider, is a futile expedient invented by impotency to evade or mitigate the ordeal of criticism; nor do I boast of their merits; for that would be injudicious and egotistical, (the latter adjective often attributed to the verse-making fraternity;) but deferentially submit them to an intelligent and impartial public, who will, no doubt, adjudge them as they deserve.

Moreover, I will add, and my readers will easily perceive, that these productions have emanated from a mind limited in poetical polish; but this may be expected, as I am, strictly speaking, of the *plebeian caste*; and it is but natural that they would, like myself, bear the impress of rusticity.

J. C. M.

Miscellaneous Poems.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON READING OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S REMAINS BEING BROUGHT FROM AFRICA TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR INTERMENT.

AYE, lay him where you list, 'tis all the same,
In the old Abbey with th' illustrious
And venerable, who've shone transcendant
In their diverse spheres, or mausoleum
Grand, with chisell'd characters tastily
Inscrib'd on polish'd marble pure and bright
From fair Italia or the shores of
Old Byzantium. He'd sleep as soundly
On the margin of distant Bemba's wave.
What boots it now the pomp and pageantry
Of sepulture? True: a grateful country
Would retain his dust,, but the spirit's fled
To Him who gave it, there we humbly trust
To ever dwell in sweet, effulgent bliss.
No more in jungle dense nor stagnant pool,
Nor reedy fen nor glady path aspere,
Where tsetse fell hold high their blood regale,
And dread malaria holds potent sway,
Shall he again his arduous labor ply,
Nor breast the swollen turbid flood to gain
Th' opposing bank, despite expectant maws
Of lizards huge recumbent in the ooze,
Nor tread the banks of fountains where lie hid
Carnivora upon their prey intent,
Nor prone-descending solar beam shall light
On his devoted head, to give unrest;
Nor e'er beneath the foliag'd palm, or
Spreading shade of Baobab at noontide blaze
Enjoy siesta and oblivious bliss;
Or from the stately palm, when hunger press'd,
To pluck the mellow fruitag'd from its boughs
The physical design to nourish—or
Pen his journal—and think of friends and home.

Nor meet in Council sage with sable chiefs
Despotic, and tell in fervid strains of
Him who once, of yore, left blissful seat
Above (such was His love for fallen man),
And incarnate dwelt on Jewry's slopes
And lands contiguous dispensing good,
Who, in return for benefits conferr'd,
Was oft oppos'd by subtle demagogues
Of divers schools, whose aim was Him to foil
In mazy tenets of conflicting creeds.
But futile all their efforts to impugn
His precepts sage and rectitude divine;
Until were found malignant caitiffs, who,
With souls suborn'd and guilt prepense, stood forth
Accusing Him of treason to the State.
He was adjudg'd, contemned, condemned, and bore
Their calumny, reproach, and flippant taunt
Passive, ere He on Calvary expir'd,
And that our sphere scarce daily circled thrice,
When from the tomb triumphantly He rose
And shew'd Himself by proofs infallible.
Then from the top of Olivet He wing'd
His mystic flight on high to bliss sublime
And ever lives our sympathising King.
To other themes perchance he might advert,
And tell in strains pathetic of the wrongs
Inflicted on their race by sceptred guilt
Of kindred blood, for paltry baubles, sell
Their subjects dear to knaves iniquitous,
Who bear them off from all consanguin'd ties
Athwart Atlantic surge to mart accurs'd,
And bondsmen live to luxury and vice.
And though they may run counter for awhile
To laws humane, yet come there will a day
In which all moral agencies must pass
The ordealic, glowing test, and final
Retribution from Judge impartial know.
'Twas thus he would convey in lucid lore
The principles of Mercy, Love and Truth.
Nor shall he evermore at day's decline
Though jaded sore with travel, hunger, thirst,
A tent or awning rude construct, wherein
His toil-worn frame, attenuant, to shield
From vapour dank and reptile's lethal fang,
Or improvise a pallet hard of aught

He found at hand, flank'd by his faithful few
Whose province 'twas the portal wide to guard
And add fresh faggots to the waning flame,
The rabid huge-grown feline to affright
That prowl'd around by bovine scent allur'd :
Or, leaving these, to Legislation turn
And tell, with fervor high and honest pride,
Of Empire great of which he form'd a part
Had polity secure 'gainst all attacks
Of titled name or purse-proud port, nor dare
They with impunity essay to sell,
Incarcerate or exile, mutilate,
Or reputation blast of meanest hind
That daily plies his avocation low
Ere he ran counter to the statute fram'd
For mutual peace; then by witness prov'd
Was verdict brought by jury of his peers,
For patriots of old from regal grasp
These charter'd rights reluctlantly had wrung.
But all is ended now—his mission's done
On Earth, nor recks the tributary tear
That falls from an appreciative world.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

IN dulcet strains the fervid bard*
Has graphically sung
The far-extendend triumphs of
Our good old Saxon tongue ;
I too, like him, would fain essay
To sing with ecstacy,
Where culminates the Banner of
The Empire of the Free.

Look we to isles and lands remote
Athwart the Western Main,
There flies our own bright-meteor Flag,
And peace and order reign ;
And on Melita's long-known isle
It proudly waves supreme,
And eke on Afric's Southern Cape
Bright in the solar beam.

* Lyons.

On Calpe's high embrazur'd rock,
And Zealand's hills afar,
And on Hindostan's plains, where late
Roll'd great Bellona's car;
Besides the Continental isle—
And where old Ocean laves
The rugged Falkland's, bleak and bare,
There Britain's Banner waves.

Where Fiji's coral reefs appear
In Ocean's broad expanse,
And dusty Aden's min'rets far,
With lofty isle of France;
And quaint-garb'd natives of Hong Kong
Still ply their caney boats,
And where the Essequibo flows,
Britannia's Ensign floats.

The isle the goddess Bertha lov'd
Of yore, and sacred known,
And on the Gambia's palm-clad banks,
And heights of fair Ceylon.
On tow'rs of wild Malay—and where
Tasmania sea-girt lies,
And where the Cyprian grapes mature,
Beneath unclouded skies.

And where the race of Mutineers
Safe—isolated dwell,
Away from all contagious vice,
As British Annals tell.
And on the rock where Corsican
Some weary years did drag,
There too upraıs'd on battlements
Floats our respected Flag.

That Flag has wav'd triumphant when
The Spanish pow'r was crush'd,
And Kremlin huge was wrapped in flame,
And "House of Hapsburg" hush'd.
Yes, Freedom's Lion-banner then
Was floating in the breeze,
And Gallia's Chieftain felt and own'd
Britannia ruled the seas.

Oh! long may our time-honor'd Flag
Its ample folds extend—
While plenty, peace and social joy
In sweet communion blend;
And may Victoria's reign be bless'd
To Empire's farthest ken;
And rule in truth and equity:
Amen—yea, and Amen.

THERE IS NO THEME FOR ME.

THERE is no theme remains unsung for me, a bard to sing,
Of martial camp or court-intrigue, or self-created king;
No soul-igniting glances from maid's love-darting eyes,
Bright as the glowing noontide of Spring's refulgent skies;
No masquerade, nor tournament, nor feats of chivalry:
These all are wed to numbers—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—the drama first regard—
Was walk'd by callow actor and embryotic bard,
Till our immortal Shakespeare like Sol's meridian blaze
Arose and left all far behind in dense Cimmerian maze;
'Twas then we found our Saxon tongue could boast of poetry
As well as ancient Greece and Rome—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung, see blazing in the van,
The great refulgent genius and *unique* Sheridan,
Who, though devoid of patronage or Laureate's pamper'd pay
Yet from all competition he bore the palm away,
And not alone a dramatist for Burke's great eulogy
Makes him a peerless statesman—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—our Milton's classic page
Abounds with plots and counterplots—and all the ruthless rage
Of Satan and his rebel force—how dreadfully they fell
While cheerless hope and dark despair convey'd them down to hell;
For style sublime and eloquence the critics yet agree,
In these he stands unparallel'd—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung, the essays of our Pope
Are graphic sweet and pleasing—so are the "Joys of Hope;"
And see a tow'ring genius, a wayward child of song,
To whom the heroes Juan and Harold do belong,
The libertine and wanderer—the fearless and the free,
The advocate of modern Greece—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung, the bard of Churchill's field,
And tragedy of Cato to very few must yield—,
His letter to Lord Halifax while he was on his tour,
Is life-pourtray'd in diction harmoniously pure;
Oh, what a mighty contrast with Britain's liberty,
And of once fam'd Italia—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—in th' "Traveller" we find
Some useful observations of Goldsmith's searching mind,
Though penury, pale penury pursued him all his days,
Yet fame has placed the trav'ler high with those who wear the bays,
And in his world-admiring lay he mourns our peasantry
Reluctlantly removing—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—see Nature's fav'rite child—
Th' inebriate and gauger th' eccentric and the wild,
Who in his native idiom sang sweet in deathless strains
The joys—the fears—the hopes—the tears—of Scotia's hardy swains;
And when to satire he inclined none was so keen as he
As "Holy Willie" well can tell—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—the Poet of the Wreck
Transports you in his numbers upon the fatal deck;
With all his fire and fervour and genius he pourtrays [blaze,
The ship—the rocks—the tempest's shocks and lightning's lurid
None has as yet so well defined the perils of the sea
With all its mighty wonders—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—the Elegy of Gray
Remains as yet unrivall'd and eke the wit of Gay;—
Our Parnell sang the "Hermit" to show short-sighted dust
That all the ways of Providence are ultimately just,
And in a country churchyard his plaintive Elegy
Would of itself immortalize—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—the seasons of the year
Are life-described by Thomson, a bard to numbers dear,
And he who sang at Abbotsford I had almost forgot,
I mean at once "the great unknown," but now Sir Walter Scott;—
A name that surely will descend to late posterity
As poet and historian—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—Moore, Dryden, Crabbe and Young,
With Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, have touched the soul of song,
And oh! reviewers, spare me, I should have sung before
The celebrated Hemans and charming Hannah More;

'Twas done, I own, unthinkingly—I have no other plea,—
Let this suffice—if you be wise—there is no theme for me.

There is no theme remains unsung—ye sage-like gentlemen,
Pray bear in mind the *nine* yet live, and Byron left his pen,
So watch your strictures, gentlemen, for now I tell you plain,
Give this its true intrinsic worth, or I'll review again;
Just as the boatswain, Mr. Chucks, would aid your memory,
So it depends upon yourselves—if there's a theme for me.

NED, OF SISSIBOO.

'TWAS when the brave McClintock
Steam'd up the Euxine tide,
And circling threw his bolts of war
Against Odessa's side;
While from embrazur'd ramparts
The hardy foemen gave
Their loud opposing thunder
Athwart the liquid wave;
And when the fight was over
And Britain's Banner flew,
There lay among the wounded
Young Ned, of Sissiboo.

"Farewell," he said, "my native land,
Land of the brave and free,
Your sylvan slopes and fertile vales
Are ever dear to me;
And you pellucid river
That still meand'ring glides
Close by the modest mansions
Where rural worth resides;
But all these scenes are vanish'd
And I can only view
Them but in retrospection,
Once seen in Sissiboo.

"Farewell, my aged parents,
From my dear native home,
I went away to try my luck
Upon the ocean-foam;
I always thought to visit you
If life were spar'd, before

The summons from on High proclaim'd
My time on earth was o'er;
But I'm all resignation
And humbly hope that you
Will bless and freely pardon,
Who'll ne'er see Sissiboo.

" Farewell, my loving brothers,
Companions of my joys,
I've often thought of school-days past
When we were happy boys,
And when our tasks were ended
Upon a bank sit down
And read 'Sinbad the Sailor'
Or, some hero of renown;
But circling time has chang'd these scenes
And we have alter'd too,
Since last we play'd together
In our native Sissiboo.

" Farewell, my youthful sisters,
I'll never more behold
Your lineaments divinely fair
And forms of beauty's mould;
And O! there is another fair,
I always hop'd to see,
But bid her to some other wed
And think no more of me;
And may you still be loving
And virtue's paths pursue,
And meet hereafter in the skies
When done with Sissiboo."

'Twas thus the sailor ended—
A messmate who records
This tragic tale, then spoke to him
But heard no answ'ring words;
And when he turn'd to look upon
His pallid suff'ring clay,
His vision fix'd and pulseless heart
Told life had pass'd away:
And he whose hand has written this
Must shortly bid adieu
To all that's dear on earth to him
As Ned's, of Sissiboo.

BILL MANGRUM,

THE HUNTER AND TRAPPER, GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.—1849.

MY name is Mangrum. On a ridge in Kempt
My life began amid surrounding shades
And grades of forestry primeval. There,
With my sire, a stalwart pioneer, we
Daily plied our avocation; and like
The men of yore on Jewry's sylvan slopes
For forest-felling stood in high repute:
And might have liv'd contentedly, but for
The losses oft sustain'd by creatures fell,
Whose mission was destruction to our flocks.
At length, I heard with raptures of delight
From rustics rude on long hibernal eves,
Of Nimrod old, Cumming, Crockett, Boone, and
Great Girard; all men of courage tried, who
Slew the lion grim; the ruthless tiger,
Elephant, rhinoceros, wolf and lynx,
Which gave an impulse new, and made me long
To follow some heroic hunter bold
Of aim, unerring, and the instincts knew
Of all marauders that infest the fold;—
And soon the time—for from the mountain side
Two rabid brawny bears by hunger press'd
Down on the sheepfold of my aged sire
A foray made, and in their talons bore
Triumphantly away to forest lair,
Two of the bleating flock:—appris'd thereof,
I sought my good "Queen Anne," that in a sling
I always kept for my immediate use:—
Then with elastic step to wigwams rude
Of fam'd Paul Glode, John Peet and lightfoot Joe—
We gave pursuit to the freebooters bold,
And by the aid of lunar beam, the trail
We found, and soon o'ertook them, ere they bled
Their prey. With ready aim I them dispatch'd,
Regain'd the spoil, and quickly flay'd them both,
And now elated with my prowess bold,
I left my sire and farm, and having heard
That our Viceroy had publicly proclaim'd
(By order of our Legislature sage),

That ev'ry hunter, trapper, and the like,
Should have a certain bounty on each bear
And *loup-cervier*, lynx, wolf and cat; with all
Predaceous brutes that would our rights invade.
This edict known, with rapture fir'd, I turn'd
My whole attention to the gin and trap;
And soon I from the field and forest thinn'd
The fierce carniv'rous kinds, besides myself
Enrich'd with governmental aid, combin'd
With dainty flesh of Moose and Carriboo,
Which I retail'd in Cape Forchu, and got
A well-paid price for all I could procure.
These, with the pelts of beaver, otter, fox,
And smaller game my coffers fill'd, and in
My dim-declining age can rest at ease,
Till death—the mighty hunter—traps me too.

DOCTOR HEAL-ALL'S CALL

TO VALETUDINARIANS, DEPRECATION OF QUACKS, ETC.

ALOUD, my friends on you I call!
Oh, that my voice could reach you all;
I'd give a true stentorian bawl,
With might and main,
From Siber's snows to China's wall,
Should ring again.

Alas! my friends, my lungs are strait
And cannot bawl at such a rate,
But I have found a way of late—
Perhaps you guess—
But if you can't, I plainly state,
It is the Press;

In which I mean to tell my mind,
What I have done for frail mankind,
And hope that others yet will find
That I can aid,
And throw Empirics, base and blind,
Into the shade.

'Tis not the paltry cash I chase
Nor equipage, nor "pride of place;"
I leave these to the nocent race
Of filthy quacks;
Who would prescribe for any case
To catch the *Placks.*

My friends, now lend a list'ning ear
To one who is a friend sincere,
And I'll forewarn you whom to fear,
And whom to shun;
But if you don't, 'tis noon-day clear,
You're all undone.

Don't heed, my friends, old "Judson's Tea,"
Leave, too, his cherry on the tree,
And ev'ry patent remedy
Bid them good night;
But take what's given you by me,
And you'll do right.

Don't take the tooth-drops made by Kline,
Nor old man Azor's Turkish wine,
Nor Comstock's trash for nerve or spine,
They're no avail;
But know, if ought you take of mine
'Twill never fail.

Th' electric oil, just leave it there;
Leave, too, the dye and gloss for hair;
But if you have a crown to spare,
For honest worth,
You may depend I'm straight and fair
As one on earth.

These egotists let's deprecate;
Let's leave them to their certain fate,
They're but inflated fœtid weight
Of no regard;
"Jock Hornbook" is supremely great
With them compar'd.

They have, too, mortals in the game,
Who are devoid of honest shame,
Oft give their worthless grov'ling name
For paltry fees,
Who, if they get their bargain'd claim,
Swear what you please:

Such as—"I, Mary Gibbs, attest
I had a cancer in my breast,
And was six months depriv'd of rest;
But just of late
I drank some *Bughane* Comstock's best
That cur'd me straight."

Or thus—"I, Thomas Hobbs, aver
My cranium was bereft of hair,
And useless running here and there,
I, Comstock tried,
But now 'tis black and thick, I swear,
As Bruin's hide."

Or—"I, John Hogan, do depone
Before the Justice Squire Malone
My spinal column was o'erthrown
With ache and squeeze,
A clinic poor to writhe and moan
With fell disease;

I heard, by chance, of Doctor Ayer,
Physician, chemist and assayer,
To him I sent my ardent prayer
Without delay;
I found he was no long delayer;
But wrote straightway,

And sent—Ye Pow'rs protect him long
With health and wealth and festive song—
Three pills to me exceeding strong,
Besides a phial,
That both offended nose and tongue,
Beyond denial.

Like magic wand your patient found
That he was truly well and sound,
And able still to till the ground
With glowing face,
Beside the 'Docthor' is renown'd
In all this place."

My friends, these are suborned fools;
The Quacks *ames damnee* dirty tools,
Mere scavengers of cheating schools;
Impostors vile;
Thank God, these never were my rules;
I'm clear of guile.

Now from these creatures turn your sight,
Who would your health and purses blight,
These Pandemonium fiends of night
And dark design,
And then contrast, with truth and light,
Some acts of mine,

No doubt you've heard of Oatey Seals,
I cur'd his wrinkled kibey heels,
And now he gay and sprightly feels
To hop and sing,
He'll "cut the buckle," dance quadrilles,
Or any thing.

I cur'd both John and Agnes Page
When *ninety* years on Nature's stage,
Of Yellow Fever's fervid rage
On Georgia's shore,
And lengthen'd out their pilgrimage
Full *ninety* more.

I also could to you make known,
My pills have done from zone to zone,
Colossal sickness quite o'erthrown,
And in its place,
Restor'd the true and healthy tone,
In ev'ry case,

Now, as regards myself, I state,
'Twas never mine to puff or prate,
Long windy paragraphs I hate;
But this I say,
I'm altogether sterling weight,
And love fair play.

My *pills concentrate* are all pure,
Are health-restoring, certain, sure,
The "thousand num'rous ills" they cure,
And some have said
They've open'd wide the vaultic door
And rais'd the *dead.*

Yes, my dear friends, true as I live,
My pills are strictly curative,
They health and quick'ning vigour give
To all mankind.
The very dumb their speech receive,
And sight, the blind.

Now who, my friends, would long remain
With ache or squeeze of back or brain,
When *dollar* would remove all pain,
That's past all doubt,
"And set you on your feet again,"
Both strong and stout.

And now, my friends, I say to you,
I've made my veritable *debut*,
And hope that Quacks you'll now eschew
For once and all;
But if you want one tri'd and true,
On Heal-All call.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion?"—*Childe Harold*.

ALTHOUGH I've passed the noon of age,
And youthful vigor's fled;
Though years have bowed my pilgimage
And silvered o'er my head;
Yet was my mind once deep imbued
For works sublime and grand,
And longed to see grot, hill and flood
Unscathed by mortal hand.

Oh! how I longed, in boyhood's days,
To climb some Alpine height,
Or see Vesuvius' livid blaze,
Or Etna's flame by night!
And crags stupendous charmed my soul,
Where Condors whet their beaks,
And heard the living thunder roll
Along the mountain peaks.

Oh, how with ecstacy would I
Scale some projecting steep,
And hear the winds exulting fly
Along the mighty deep;

While far beneath the foam-capped waves
Would hoarse monot'nous roar,
Through far recess of sea-beat caves
And lash the rock-bound shore.

And sable clouds hid Luna's beams,
While through the gloom profound
The forked flame in flitful gleams
Diffused a halo round;
And though I stood, all drenched and cold,
With gale-impelling shower,
Yet have I borne it to behold
The works of Heavenly power.

I also longed, with sanguine mind,
To thread the tangled brakes,
Or see the great St. Lawrence wind
Through mighty forest lakes;
Its cataract with fervour high,
Spread o'er my soul a glow—
The spray ascending to the sky,
The cauldron boil below

And when I read poor Goldsmith's lore,
I oftentimes have thought
I'd love minutely to explore
Antiporean Grot.
Its sparry incrustations pure,
Of altar, nave and throne,
Aisle, column and entablature,
Where nature reigned alone.

Ye sage reflecting ones, whose task
Is nature's mystic laws,
Why this impression? may I ask
The true and certain cause.
No—He alone who made the heart,
Whose is Omniscient view—
He only knows if I am part
Of this machinery too.

AN EVENING WALK IN JUNE.

'TWAS balmy June, and in the western skies
The solar orb, diffusive, shed his soft
Effulgent beams along the landscape gay;
When, with a fair young friend, up Milton Hill
In converse sweet we stray'd
The summit gained—
Before us lay the panoramic scene
In all its various guise of sylvan slopes,
Warm shelter'd vales, and fields of deepest green;
While in the distance far, serenely lay
The glassy lake in form capricious,
Spann'd at its straitest bound by rustic bridge;
And more remote the fertile marshy plain
With wave-repelling rampart kept with care,
And on the wind-swept hill the little church*
With stately spire and neatly paled around;
While on the ear monotonously fell
The sound of cascade, and from the seething
Cauldron hoar rushed boldly forth the turbid
Sinuous stream, refreshing in its course
The verdant herbage, until commingl'd
With old Ocean's wave.
Now Seaward turning,
We beheld afar, like some colossal
Chief, (but not astride, as he renown'd of
Yore at Rhodes,) the Pharos on the spray-washed
Promontory. While in her course direct
Appear'd an "ocean omnibus," cleaving
The liquid azure with streak of vapour
Dense, and passing fast th' craggy islets lone,
Meet haunts of fishing-seal and Ocean-fowl,
To objects nearer now we turn'd and view'd
The humble homes of artizans and hinds,
While oft detach'd the architectural
Boast of elegance and wealth, where Flora's
Tribes in gay profusion shew'd their petals
Many-hued exhaling fragrant odours
On the ambient air; and in the copse
Adjacent, 'mid the young luxuriant
Foliage, came the the vocal dulcet strains
Of melody and love.

* Since destroyed by fire.

But now the sun's
Broad disk, apparently enlarg'd, has sunk
Beneath the Atlantic surge, opposing
Climes to cheer with light and heat refulgent,
And in the skies reflected left a streak
Of crimson hue, which soon will be absorb'd
In nightly gloom; and ere the dews begin
To fall of gloaming gray, we homeward turn'd
Our footsteps, and retrac'd the winding long
Descent, delighted with the scenery
Diverse which we've essay'd tho' feebly
To pourtray, with firm resolve, ere long, if
Spared, this pleasure to repeat, and townward
Turn our visions to describe whate'er attracts.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A FLOCK OF WILD GEESE FLYING OVERHEAD IN THE AUTUMN OF 1875.

FROM rocks and islets lone, benorth Chaleur,
And bosky fens and isolated crags
Of Labrador, or, more secluded still,
From verdant glades and lucid purling streams
In far interior of Newfoundland,
There, in your sweet sequester'd solitudes,
Far from the haunts and ken of prying eye,
You undisturb'd sojourn'd beyond the reach
Of ruthless foe, with deadly tube, who'd soon
Quietus give if wearied wing or frame
Inane would make you earthward tend, within
The compass sure of his death-dealing range.
But safely there, you preen'd your plumage bright,
While Nature gave her lubricating store
Repellent to the spray of ocean's surge,
Or drenching rain. There pair'd and hatch'd and rear'd
Your off-spring dear, in strict accordance with
The mandate of the skies. But now, by instinct
Warn'd, of long hibernal gloom and cheerless
Home, with congelation dense, and Borean
Blust'ring blast, and lack of alimental
Cheer, impell'd you to convene in council
Sage, and seek in regions far a sunny
Clime congenial to your wants and cares.

And now, on sounding pinions strong upborne
You cleave your arrowy course though liquid
Azure, beyond the reach of mortal aim;
And from aerial plain can downward
Glance in passing by on various scenes
Beneath your feet; but not retard your flight.
Alas! poor immigrants, we, too, like you, would
Soar away on Faith's triumphant wing, far
From impending cares that oft imbitter life,
To sheeny realms of bliss ineffable,
Where sorrow, pain and death can ne'er invade.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE; or, BOOTY-HUNTING.

A TALE.

"But this that I am gaun to tell
That lately on a nicht befel,
Is just as true's the deil's in hell
Or Dublin city;
The nearer that he's to oursel'
Sae muckle pity."—*Burns.*

'TWAS in that season of the year
When Nature's turning to the sere,
And brings the fruit and ripen'd corn,
And to redundance fills the horn.
One night, when moon and stars were down
And silence reigned o'er Yarmouth town,
When Gaddie Nick, the subtle rogue,
With chosen few sought South Chebogue;
Each with a mattock, hoe or spade
Their engineering art to aid.
And Gaddie said he'd friendly tell
(And hoped they would remark it well)
If aught should rise of uncouth shape
Seek not for safety in escape;
For he had talismanic charm,
Would keep them safe from ev'ry harm;
But still keep digging, delving on,
And they'd be rich ere morning's dawn.
Then took the road with min'ral-rod,
While Bunkie follow'd with his hod
To carry home his bulky share
(That is, if he had strength to bear)

But should he fail with weight—or tire—
He'd beg the aid of Pete Maguire;
But should he grumble or refuse
He'd seek the help of Crapaud Muse,
To give hime home a carrying spell
And he'd reward his labor well.
Then search the "foul house" for a wife
And live in opulence for life.
And Crapaud had to hold his "whack"
An old Militia haversack;
But Mike, of less ambitious scull,
Said he'd be pleased with stocking full;
And Crisp, the valiant and the bold
Thought a meal-bag his share would hold;
And owl-eyed Tommy Sturgeon gay
Took sack whereon his consort lay,
And gave the straw and vampyre fleas
Their choice to go where'er they please;
Then told his spouse she might depend
When he came home with dividend
She'd queen-like live in great renown
And sleep in bed of eider down.

And Gaddie too, the good and wise,
Took knapsack of capacious size,
That once was worn at Bunker Hill
And wink'd and boasted he would fill.

They pass'd the brook that brawling glides
O'er shelvy cliffs to meet the tides
With anxious haste, and boldly bent
Their shoulders to the steep ascent;
And reach'd the sylvan-haunted cove
Where legend whispers witches rove,
And pass'd the copse where fairies weave
Their garlands on Midsummer eve,
Or dance beneath the lunar beam
On pendent boughs that span the stream;
Still hied they on through darksome night
And saw a wand'ring livid light;
Whereat the daring Sinbad Crisp
Low whisp'ring said, "'tis 'Will-the-Wisp.'"
But this brave Gad did all unheed,
And started off with greater speed,
Until the Southmost land was reach'd
Where boulder huge upborne was beach'd,

Due-east from this there was a mound,
When trod upon had hollow sound;
"This is," said Gad, "the spot and sod,"
And prov'd it with his min'ral-rod.
Then took from Crisp a "fairy spade,"
And round them soon a circle made,
And incantations low did hum,
And something said 'bout world to come.
Then told them "speak not bad or good
Until he spoke—but if they should
Want water, liquor, match, or food,
Then make a sign and he would grant
Them instantly all they might want.
But chief o'er all whate'er appear'd
Of goblins grim, or sisters weird,
Or scowling fiend, 'twas his request
They still must keep their tongues at rest;
Nay more—they must not cough or sneeze,
Or wind upbelch, or loudly wheeze,
And those who used the filthy quid
From out their mouths must quickly rid,
Or, if they should prefer its use
Then they must swallow all the juice,
For should they squirt one drop, at most,
The gold would sink and all be lost:
For their success depended whole
On silence and heroic soul."
Then, demonstrating to each man,
They picking. digging, fast began—
And toss'd aside, sod, rock and mould,
Anticipating soon the gold.
At length, the noon of night was gain'd,
And still they toil'd and sweat and strain'd—
To reach the treasure deeply hid
Of Bucaneers or Captain Kidd,
It matter'd not—if it were great
And raise them from their low estate;
Well-knowing that without the bullion
They still must live a groom or scullion,
Or call'd a poor day-lab'ring clown
By fungus gents of Yarmouth town,
Who would deprive them of their bread
Or see them worse than puppies fed;—
Stung by this treatment, they at length
Arose in their united strength

To try and get a better living,
Than hitherto they'd been receiving;
For thus they argued ere they strode
That night from Gaddie's poor abode,
Was "onward Gad for our affairs
Are truly low as once were theirs;
But they indulg'd in love of treasure
And cheated Cæsar of his measure;
And trick'd and lied, purloin'd and prigg'd,
And flatter'd fawn'd and thimble-rigg'd,
With other arts not meet to speak
If told would blanch the reader's cheek."

But I've digress'd which I'll forego
And join the diggers down below,
Whose breasts, with hope and zeal did burn,
While ev'ry tongue was taciturn;
Though Pete, frame-worn, would rest sometime
And make it known in pantomime.

'Twas thus, when O! Great Mammon, how
Shall I pourtray our heroes now?
When Crapaud's herculean stroke
Into a chest capacious broke,
And jingling rose of specie good
That gave momentum to their blood.

As famish'd wolves that shun the light
And scour the wastes for prey at night,
Till haply finding stag or steed
He's doom'd beyond debate to bleed;
So desp'rate at the spoil they dash'd,
While from their visions fierceness flash'd,
And mining tools were flung away
As useless all to them, for aye:
But somehow when in passing by
A spade hit Bunkie on the eye
Which brought such pain, he gave a bawl
And roar'd "the devil take you all."
No sooner said, than lightning flash'd,
And overhead loud thunder crash'd,
And from their dark Eolian caves
Rush'd howling winds athwart the waves,
And drenching rain came driving fast
Borne on the ruthless midnight blast,
And Ocean rous'd began to roar
And lash its billows on the shore,

And birds of foul ill-omen'd sound
Forsook the crags and scream'd around,
While from the beach came hollow moans,
Expiring yells, and tortur'd groans,
Like fierce contending sanguine foes
When hand to hand in conflict close ;
That night e'en carrier of a hod
Might known the devil was abroad.

And now instead of gold or chest
Arose a dense sulphuric mist,
And Gaddie screech'd "the charm is o'er
And we'll ne'er see the treasure more ;
Then Bunkie call'd an arrant fool,
A braying donkey, and a mule ;
And wish'd he had been gagg'd or hung,
Or devil take him, hod and tongue.

When lo ! appear'd of aspect grim
(And ev'ry eye was fix'd on him)
A goblin of stupendous frame
And from his eyes shot lurid flame ;
E'en Sinbad Crisp, the lion-hearted,
His orbs from sockets nearly started,
And hair, tho' flat, instanter rose,
And sweat came trickling down his nose,
And bowels made a fearful rumbling,
Like rocks in cavern headlong tumbling,
And knees to shake and teeth to chatter,
And look cadav'rous as a hatter.

Now Gaddie cried "run mortals—run—
Or he will have you ev'ry one."
Then took the fields like fox or hound,
And clear'd the fences with a bound ;
And never stopp'd till be did rouse
From goldeu dreams his loving spouse,
Who jubilant ask'd Gaddie—where
His knapsack was ? and what his share ?
To whom our hero did reply
I saw the "shiners" 'neath my eye,
And would have had them in a trice,
But Bunkie kept not my advice ;
But gave an idiotic bawl
And wish'd the devil had us all ;
When instantly the much-lov'd prize
Evanish'd from our hands and eyes,

And lo! before our visions stood
A goblin grim that menac'd feud,
And for my heels I would been nabb'd,
And think the others have been grabb'd;
While Gaddie told his nightly woes
His consort (Sally) held her nose
And wonder'd he said nought anent
A vile repulsive fœtid scent
That he had brought in chamber there
(Then raised the sash and gulp'd the air)
And said in accents truly sad
This, really Gaddie, is too bad;
You must forego these foolish haunts,
Then reach'd him forth a shirt and pants,
And cast the others in a heap
Of muck outside, and went to sleep.

And frighten'd Pete ran up the shore,
And sometimes pray'd and oft'ner swore,
Until he reach'd his home—and said
Hail Mary thrice—and went to bed;
And even there his wrath he nurs'd
And often senseless Bunkie curs'd,
And sometimes thought it was confusion
Or Gaddie's glamour or delusion;
And sometimes thought he should be civil
And thank the saints and curse the devil;
But vowed that night before he slept
He'd ne'er repeat, which he has kept.

And Crisp and Crapaud fled away
Like morning fog from Solar ray,
And never cast a backward look
Until they reach'd Bill Haskill's brook,
Then bolted headlong through a door
And fell exhausted on the floor,
And begg'd the help of Mary's care
With all the Saints in calendar
To shed benign influence down,
For Satan was in Yarmouth town.

And as a steed that rowel feels
So Bunkie shew'd his back and heels,
And praying Heaven at ev'ry breath
To shield him from impending death;
And calling Gaddie fool and fraud
Who'd left him minus hoe and hod:

He gain'd his home, and said quite brief
(While body shook like aspen leaf),
That long as veins his blood would hold
Old Nick or Kidd might keep their gold,
For ne'er again with Gad he'd tread;
But work at mortar for his bread.

And Tommy Sturgeon—ghastly wan—
Forsook the place and homeward ran,
And gave a wild discordant screech,
Was heard away on Stanwood's beach,
By sordid men, who labor'd late,
But not, be sure, to aid the State.
Who knelt and pray'd to be forgiv'n,
By Cæsar's jackals, and kind Heav'n.
Still Tom rush'd on with pallid looks
Until he reach'd old Walter Cook's;
Then gave a wild heart-rending hollo
That made the echoes wake and follow,
And set the canine race abarking,
And swains to stop their midnight sparking.

At length, Tom reach'd his humble shed
With eyes protruding from his head;
And told his spouse in words uncheering
Of gold they struck and fiend's appearing;
And if he had not run for life
He ne'er would seen his charming wife,
Which caus'd her visage quick to scowl
And Sturgeon call'd "a staring owl;"
"Besides," she cried, "I've lost my bed,
'Twas worth ten times your senseless head."
Then ordered him to scamper back
And bring direct her good strawsack;
Which, Tom, reluctant to comply,
She seiz'd a broom that stood hard by
And let it fall, with force and weight,
While echoes rang off Tommy's pate.

At length he gain'd the door and made
His exit in the nightly shade;
Where, we will leave him for the time,
Because it suits the present rhyme:—
But Mike, the fearless, boldly trod
The ground, and pick'd up tools and hod,
And sold them to one White for *pork*,
Which well repaid him for his work;

Besides, 'tis said, the goblin too,
Gave him of dollars—not a few—
Enough, his honest debts to pay,
And something more for rainy day.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ELECTION DINNER

GIVEN AT YARMOUTH, N. S., 1869.

IN Yarmouth, of late, never mind the month's date,
But I know sixty-nine was the year,
Was accorded the boon, with knife, fork and spoon,
To try our good Candidate's cheer;
And now, I'll declare, some men I saw there
With appetites rabid and keen;
Who came to display their skill on that day
At cleaning a plate or tureen.

There was tall Jerry Grant, so meagre and gaunt,
Away from the backwoods of Kempt,
In bolting a sausage, it stuck in the passage,
And foil'd his praiseworthy attempt.
In a corner stood Fred, a German 'tis said,
Ascoffing his biscuit and "schnapps,"
While big Paddy More laid in quite a store;
No fear that his ribs would collapse.

From Brooklyn there came, big Frank call'd by name,
A yeoman, both sturdy and staunch—
Who soon hid a ham, and a quarter of lamb,
In his growling capacious paunch;
And there was Mike Muse, when he heard the glad news,
Away to the Free-house did crawl
And fell at some veal, and pickl'd cow-heel,
And gorg'd like a wolf or jackal.

But, I must not forget, my friend, Clem Surette,
Who ate with a relish and zeal,
For he stripped to his plate, and completed his freight,
With ten yards of good Tusket eel.
Sam Andrews, from Lakes, with big-mouth'd Bill Jacques,
Were eager their parts to perform—
For food disappear'd, so quick, that I fear'd,
They would take all the dishes by storm.

And from the South End, some clowns did attend,
From "longboat" and kennel and slum,
All guttermen good, who bones did denude,
Till bellies were brac'd like a drum;
And frighten'd purveyor, rais'd his eyes in despair,
And appeal'd to humanity's laws,
With: "gentlemen eat, all the biscuit and meat,
But let *me* escape from your jaws."

And Tusket Hill lent half Micmac descent,
With Justice LeBlanc in the ranks;
And I saw, when he smil'd, his teeth were all fil'd
Expressly for sinews and shanks;
And at it they fell, smash, dash and pell mell,
Determin'd to clean off the board,
While Tom Jones amaz'd, shriek'd out as he gaz'd,
"Oh, go it ye cannibal horde.

I've been to Bombay, and the Hills of Cathay,
Nay touch'd at a Fijian isle;
To far Teheran, and the shores of Japan,
And up to the source of the Nile;
I've been to Mobile, and the coast of Brazil,
To Spain and the land of the Gaul;
And seen mortals eat of their various meat;
But this truly outbeggars them all."

Bill Hicks, too, was there, as fierce as a bear,
When fasting and famine provoke;
And oft he would squeeze down slices of cheese,
I thought the old glutton would choke;
And last, but not least, who came to the feast,
Was Bill of the woolly-hair'd race;
He ate and he drank, he sweat and he stank,
Till numbers were forc'd from the place.

Now, dinner being o'er, they then took the floor,
Their steps and their shuffles to shew;
While fiddler, Tom Jones, discours'd lively tones,
To the tune call'd the "Bucks of Raphoe."
Now, being fatigu'd, no longer they jigg'd,
And as it was now getting late,
Each went on his way, with a whoop and hoorah,
And success to our kind candidate.

THE TOPER.

THE orb of night was sinking fast,
As down the Main Street, Yarmouth, pass'd
A tropic swain, whose features bore
The stamp that he had tippl'd o'er
Jamaica.

His pants were torn, his shirt unclean,
While underneath his belt was seen
A bottle large, fill'd to the neck,
And labell'd o'er in letters black,
Jamaica.

And as he southward walk'd—or stalk'd—
He to himself or bottle talk'd,
Then take a "swig" and bawl with joy,
Ah! you're the genuine MacCoy,
Jamaica.

And I have quaff'd, some years ago,
Madeira, Malmsey, Port, Bourdeaux,
Brandy, Whisky, Hock, Scheedam,
But over all bears off the palm
Jamaica.

Again he'd babble, start and rage,
As if he trod the tragic stage
About one Richard's ruthless reign,
Then from the bottle try again
Jamaica.

But ere he left—he drank once more—
Perchance more deeply than before,
Then spoke about one Hamlet's ghost,
But cut it short to taste and boast
Jamaica.

It chanc'd a watchman on his beat
Perceiv'd our toper on the street,
Who him approach'd in eager haste
And begg'd he henceforth ne'er would taste
Jamaica.

But all entreaty was in vain,
He zig-zagg'd off for Huston's lane,
And as the watchman heav'd a sigh
He heard an echo make reply
Jamaica.

The watchman in the morning found
The toper sleeping on the ground,
With bottle empty 'neath his belt,
And when uncork'd he strongly smelt
Jamaica.

Moral—
To those who've kept the bowl afar,
In which the sting and poison are,
Still keep your firm resolve and throw
Defiance at your deadly foe
Jamaica.

To him, who has for years imbib'd,
And on whose nose its mark's inscrib'd,
All distillation ever shun,
Excepting not the toper's one
Jamaica.

MURTOGH O'SHANE'S LETTER TO PATRICK DRISCOLL, IN IRELAND.

NOW, Patrick, my friend, as I promis'd before
We parted last year on the Emerald shore,
To write you a letter and faithfully tell
What now I am doing, and place where I dwell.
I'm in Nova Scotia, so far-fam'd abroad
For gypsum and granite, coal, alewives and cod;
And the native is call'd, by the Yankee jocose,
By the cold-sounding name of the errant "blue-nose;"
But, why he is call'd so, to me is unknown,
For his nose is no bluer than 'tis of his own.
But now, to myself, sir—in Halifax, I
Am just at the present, to get a supply
Of dry goods and trinkets to fill up my pack,
Which I carry securely tied on to my back;
And then I am off to, if nought intervenes,
For the counties of Lunenburg, Digby and Queen's:

And anon for the sale I am purposely bent
At a small living profit of ninety per cent.
So you see, my dear fellow—I'm trudging around
And seldom two nights in one cottage am found;
Except in mid-winter—I seek for a goal
At the inn of Patt Doolan, in Gulliver's Hole—
In Digby aforesaid; but as soon as the road
Permits me to travel, I'm off with my load;—
For this I intend, sir, ere many weeks more
In *Grosse Cogues* or Digby to open a store;
And then to the peddling farewell all my life,
But live at my ease with a sweet Irish wife.

Of this, now enough,—if you'll not think it wrong,
I'll describe the strange people I'm living among,
Their manners and customs that surely seem queer,
And which I have witness'd with vision and ear.

In the first place, friend Patrick, in old Erin—we
Thought the people out here were undoubtedly free,
But I can gainsay it, devoid of all fear,
And boldly assert they have slavery here;
For coming through D——y, one day in last Fall,
I saw quite a concourse conven'd in a Hall,
And 'mong them per-em'nent stood old Deacon Fox
(With angular features and long hoary locks)
Who loudly announc'd, with a Sardonic grin,
The time had arriv'd and the sale would begin;
And the first on the list is old Jerry—and he
Can do many "chores" and quite useful may be:
"Who'll give lowest bid to keep him—make haste?
Pray, be quick with your bidding, I've no time to waste."
Here a tatterdemalion up loudly did speak
"I'll take the old 'critter' for a dollar a week."
"A dollar—a dollar—who'll take him for less?
Who'll say half a dollar will get him I guess?"
"I'll take him for that," said a gutterman, when:
"Who'll take him for less," said the Deacon again?
Then going—just going—if none will say hold;
But, no one descending—old Jerry was sold.

The next was the consort of old Jerry—who
Complain'd of being parted in eloquence true;
But all was abortive the Deacon to move,
For all his affections were center'd *above*;
Then raising his mallet, aloud he did raise
His lubricate tongue in the old woman's praise;

"Who'll bid for old Chloe? she's lively and strong,
Her age is but eighty, yet still she seems young;
She can still tend a baby, knit neatly and wash,
In short, the old lady is still worth her 'hash;'
So come, now good people, your bidding begin,
And who bids the lowest, old Chloe will win."

Then outspoke a rustic, with visage unclean,
Collaps'd lantern-jaws, and pauper-like mien;
"I can board her as cheaply as any man here
And I'll take her for forty bright dollars a year."
Again spoke old Fox, with a true pious frown,
"There's plenty of distance still yet to come down;
Who'll take her for thirty?"—"I'll take her for that,"
Said a bumpkin uncouth, with an old rimless hat:
"Who'll take her for twenty? for that she is cheap,
Who'll take her for that quite a harvest will reap?"
But as no one bade lower, old Chloe passed o'er
To the bumpkin unkempt that I mentioned before.

Next, Methusalem comes, and undoubtedly—he
Can boast, if worth boasting, of longevity;
And it seems he will never depart us—before
He in years has outnumber'd his namesake of yore;
And why he's permitted so long here to dwell,
Is a mystery, deep, I'm unable to tell:
It seems, the old pauper, will never retire,
Altho' we, with rapture, would see him expire;
But since he is with us—"who'll give me a bid?
At the offer, low-pric'd, do not fear to be chid."
Here a peasant spoke out—but Methusalem's moans,
Hush'd deep into silence the husbandman's tones,
And I left them disgusted, and never have heard
To whom the old Deacon the pauper transferr'd.

So you see, my friend Patrick, 'tis truly as clear,
As the sun in his orbit they've slavery here.

But, I think, it is time that this letter should end,
Altho' there are yet many things I could send,
But these I'll reserve till I see you again,
So no more, at the present, from Murtogh O'Shane.

THE WEDDING OF KILMORISH.

NEAR the hill of Drumclig, at the sign of the pig,
Liv'd Dennis MacGuiness, the frisky,
Who sold the pure drop of the true barley crop,
And known thro' the island as whisky;
And Dennis, the great' did openly state,
To Paddy O'Horish, the ditcher,
If Bridget he'd wed, with the tresses blood-red,
He'd make him a small trifle richer;
Begorra, said Patt, myself will do that,
If you will make known the provision,
And if it suits me, why then do you see
I'll take her on bargain'd condition.

Then spoke the bold Dennis, whose surname's MacGuiness,
I'll give—let me think for a minute—
I'll give her a cow, and a good-breeding sow,
Some flax, and a nice wheel to spin it,
Besides a good bed as soon as she's wed
Fill'd neatly with long Irish feather,
That Phelim O'Nail, thresh'd soft with his flail,
A donkey, a goat, and a wether,
And more for your sake—a wedding I'll make,
And to shew I'm no miser or griper,
My barn you can have, and dance with my leave
To the strains of Pat Heron, the Piper.

"There now," said bold Dennis, "'tis time I should finish,
What think you of these, Patt O'Horish?
And to make you renown'd I'll yet add a pound,
For I want you and Bridget to flourish."
"With joy," Paddy said, "I agree to the trade,"
And held out his hand to confirm it,
While Dennis, with joy, took the hand of the boy
In presence of Murtogh MacDermot.
To the Church then in haste, in a jaunting-car plac'd,
Away then they went to Kilmorish,
Where, good Father Dunn, soon made them but one,
And Bridget was Madam O'Horish.

And now for your aid, Parnassian maid,
Pray lend me your kind inspiration,
While the supper I tell—the dancing as well
We had on this bridal occasion;

We had "praties" galore, two bushels or more,
And noggins of buttermilk dainty,
With mountains of tripe, a woodcock and snipe,
Good cow-heel and oat-cake a plenty;
We had, also, good spirit, of world-fam'd merit
In cogues from the sweet Ballinderry,
While strong "Dublin Stout" was handed about
That made us quite friendly and merry;

And while at our post, bold Dennis, our host,
Would frequently say: "now be jabers
Take a big 'praty' more and lay in a store,
For 'musha' you're welcome, my neighbors."
Now supper being done the dancing begun
With pleasure and great animation,
While the bridegroom and bride stood up, side by side
At the head, as becoming their station;
And the Piper threw off hat and wig, sir,
And struck up a true Irish jig, sir,
While heels and toes beat,
The time so complete,
The like was ne'er known in Drumclig, sir.

The tune being ended, the bride on a stool,
Sat down by the side of sweet Norah O'Toole,
And wiping with grace the sweat from her face,
She look'd, truly look'd, like a queen·
Then the Piper, with music entrancing,
Set brogans and barefeet a prancing,
There ne'er was such music and dancing
Since the wedding of Ballyporeen.

NELLIE GWYNNE'S LAMENT FOR HECTOR.

ALACK! alas the day! when Hector went away
To keep intact the Union and quell the rebels' din,
And left me here forlorn,
To languish and to mourn
Until the war was over, in the bonnie town of Lynn.

He was my beau-ideal of all that's good and real—
No other of my suitors could my affections win;
But O! that I must tell,
At Gettysburg he fell—
My patriotic hero, my volunteer of Lynn.

The last time that we met—methinks I see him yet,
In his gaudy regimentals so pleasing to his kin;
And then my hand he took,
And said, with loving look,
"I'll soon come back to wed you in our bonnie town of Lynn."

But since my lover's slain, all earthly joys are vain,
(For sublunary happiness is surely born a twin).
And I will keep my vow
In the future still as now
And cherish still his memory—my plighted spouse of Lynn.

I grieve and pine away, and I hear the people say
That mourning for my Hector is certainly a sin;
But this does not molest,
I only want to rest
Beneath the sombre cypress in the old churchyard of Lynn.

And ere a year had sped, her loving spirit fled
To Him who wisely gave it, while her ashes lie within
A narrow grass-grown grave,
Where yew and cypress wave;
And on a stone's recorded there the name of Nellie Gwynne.

HOW ARE FREIGHTS?

I'VE travel'd East—I've travel'd West,
And many things I've heard and seen,
How people dined and walk'd and dress'd,
With hirsute long, or shaven clean;
And what was the prevailing theme
That still pervaded ev'ry place,
Of manufactures, shipping, steam,
That held them in its fond embrace.
It happen'd once in certain town,
A place I chose for calm retreat,
In a hotel I sat me down
And thought to rest my weary feet.
Yes, here, I said, I will remain
Until my health recuperates,
And think it would but for the strain
I hourly heard, of—How are freights?

In store or house, or workman's shop,
No matter when I went or came,
Or in the Church I chanc'd to drop
Their looks e'en there implied the same;
Or most sequester'd spot around
They still display'd their ruling traits,
For ever came that sordid sound
How are you, friend? and, How are Freights?
Oh! well, I said, I'll stay within,
No more these accents then I'll hear,
But still the same monot'nous din
Was always breaking on my ear;
Last to the gaol I visit paid
To see its various poor inmates,
The first, a poor delinquent said
Was: "welcome, sir, and, How are Freights?"
My trunks I pack'd that very night,
And to "Mine Hostess" this did say,
I'll leave, dear ma'am, by morning light,
Present your bill and I will pay;
For truly ma'am, I think, until
These people reach the pearly gates,
Their query and their watchword will
Be nothing else, but—How are Freights?

WANTED: A TEACHER.

HO! all ye teachers, one and all,
Who're out of place and pay,
Get your credentials and repair
To Kellabogue, straightway;
For we quite sanguine in the cause
Have held a meeting here,
And all approve a teacher's aid
To wit—a whole half year;—
But ere ye come my learned friends,
We'd have you all to know,
That each and all impartial must
Thro' an ordeal go;
And he who best acquits himself
Before official voice,
Then know that he in verity
Will surely be our choice:

The branches then that we require
The teacher to impart,
Are reading, writing, grammar, and
The Algebraic Art;
Book-keeping, hist'ry, use of globes—
With varied navigation,
Geography and gauging too
With payments term'd equation;
Besides, we want a teacher who,
Can say to him belong
All instrumental music, and
A teacher too of song;
That he on long hibernal nights
May raise the measur'd notes,
While daughters congregated pour
Their white and swan-shap'd throats:
And in exchange for labor done
Conjointly we'll afford,
To pay him *thirty pounds* a year
With washing, bed and board:
But *en passant* we'd like to say
A word or sentence more,
We'd rather pay the teacher then
With orders on a store,
For all the cash that we can scrape
Ingenuously we own,
Must go to fill the coffers of
The Rev'rend Ahab Drone;
There yet remains another word
Which we to him will tell,
He must go all around and board
And take with each a "spell;"
These overtures being ample, we
Anticipate a host
Of applicants, all bound to get
This high lucrative post;—
Now to successful Candidate
We, in conclusion say,
He'll take the first week's boarding with
Good Deacon Ziba Gay.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL SCARLETT.

ON Balaclava's summits sere,
See men of many climes appear,
What can command their presence here
Far from their native scenery ?
Lo ! these are amateurs of fight,
Who stand conspicuous on each height,
" A feast of swords " is their delight
And flashing of Artillery :
Now in the vale exulting stand
A bold undaunted, valiant band,
With sinews brac'd and unsheath'd brand
All anxious for the revelry ;
Nor wait they long, for onward post,
A firm, heroic mounted host,
The very choice and pride and boast
Of Scythia's fiery chivalry :
Now Scarlett gives the charging strain,
The mettl'd steeds bound o'er the plain,
And on the foe they rush amain
With torrent-like velocity :
Now yells discordant rend the sky,—
Now blades reflect a sanguine dye,—
Now heads and trunks dissever'd lie
In carnage wild disorderly.
Vain was thy prowess Muscovite,
To combat with old Albion's might,
'Twas wisdom whisper'd instant flight
Or be extermin'd totally.

THE LAKE AND STREAM: AN IDYL.

WRITTEN IN MAY.

THERE is a lake—a little lake
Fed by a mountain stream,
And which I'll now essay to make
The subject of a theme ;
Embosom'd in the forest green
Away from tempest's roar,
It calmly lies in limpid sheen
Upon its sandy floor,

And undisturb'd by trapper's snare
Or fowler's tube of flame,
The water wild-fowl still repair
Unheeding of his aim :
There with their callow offspring—they
Disport upon the wave,
And often in the solar ray
Their glist'n'ng plumage lave.
And free as winds that shift and change
Along the mountain side
Instinctively they roam and range
Just as the seasons glide.
Depen lent on their Maker good
They man's support contemn,
For He who gives the ravens food
Will kindly care for them.
On Southern slope our wildling low
(The first of Flora's birth),
Unfolds its petals ere the snow
Has left the lap of earth ;
And minnows sportive, too, are there
Of divers shades and hues
While water-lilies on the air
Their scented sweets diffuse ;
And from the lake a stream descends
Along its mazy way
Where from the bank the willow bends
To kiss the passing spray ;
But onward, onward still it flows
By beech and maple screen,
While herbage on its margin shews
A brighter, deeper green ;
And still it hurries on its course
To shelvy cliff—and now
It leaps anon with headlong force
From the projecting brow;
Yet, onward roaring still it hies
Adown its rocky bed,
And still increasing in its size
By tributaries fed.
Itself too, feeding shop and mill,
Then passing on again
By house and cottage gay, until
It mingles with the main.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

'TIS thirty years ago, last May,—
When trav'ling down St. Margaret's Bay,
And vending wares as on I pass'd,
For I was then a chapman class'd;—
It happen'd once upon the road
I reach'd Paul Kaisar's neat abode,
And there concluded to alight
And seek a lodging for the night;
And soon it spread to divers halls
There was a peddler up at Paul's,
When many gather'd in a crack
To see friend Paddy and his pack;
And supper being o'er,—the chat
Was general on this and that;
When presently a man arose
(With grizzly locks and blossom'd nose)
Who said that want of cash alack!
Kept him from buying all the pack,
He only wish'd he knew where hid
The booty lay of Captain Kidd;
He often heard that on Oak Isle
The pirate had immers'd the "pile,"
And often men had been around
And told with joy 'twas almost found;
But somehow, when quite near the prize,
The Devil stood before their eyes,
Or some fell demon of the night
Whose menace put them all to flight;
But could he find it he'd be sure
To take his "schnapps" and aid the poor.
He ended—and a trav'ling guest,
Who had call'd in to eat and rest
Said: though he was a stranger—yet
In early life had drawn the net
In Peggy's Cove and Dover shore;
But that was thirty years or more,
And that he could a tale unfold,
Could rival that already told,
And if they'd give a list'ning ear
The true narration all should hear;

To which assent was freely made,
He turn'd his *quid* and thus he said:
"It happen'd on a certain day
There was a wedding o'er the bay,
Held at the house of Conrad Artz,
And Casper Zink and Gottleib Schwartz
Were kindly asked to come that way,
And join them on that nuptial day.
And Parson Fleck the knot well tied
And Gretchen was a happy bride,—
While fun and frolic soon began,
For Winacht was a married man.
The circling hours had ta'en their flight
And nearing fast the noon of night,
When Gottleib Schwartz and Casper Zink,
Being somewhat mellow with the drink,
Thought it was time for them to go;
And left old Conrad's just so-so,
And though he press'd them not to roam
They thank'd their host and sought their home.
The winds were in their caves at rest
And all unruffl'd ocean's breast;
No stellar orbs hung out on high
And sable darkness veil'd the sky,
While silence held his high command
Save for the wavelets on the strand;
It almost seem'd that silence kept
A vigil while old nature slept,
At length our fishermen did reach
Their little "craft" laid on the beach,
With little effort launched—when they
Mann'd soon the oars and held away;
And as they urge'd their craft along
They cheer'd their labors with a song,
When hark! a sound as when divides
A stately prow thro' crested tides;—
Our fishermen with dread amaze
Cut short their bacchanalian lays;
The hands that grasp'd the ashen-oar
And craft propell'd so well before
Were all unnerv'd, when lo! there came
Before their eyes a livid flame,
And instantly a ship appear'd
That to our oarsmen quickly near'd:

They saw her on the starboard tack,
Saw too the sailors on the deck;
But he of all they did discern
Stood most conspicuous near the stern;
He seem'd to be a man of age
And on his brow a scowl of rage,
With hate and guilt and dark despair,
And deep revenge were pictur'd there.
Now Gottleib rais'd his voice aloud
That could be heard by all the crowd—
'O! God of love to Thee we cry,
Protect us from this peril nigh.'
When oh! my friends, that I should tell
They soon enhal'd a brimstone smell,
While men and ship did fast expire
Along the deep in liquid fire.
And I am, friends, one of the two,
And can attest to it as true
Before the world—and bless your hearts,
I am that spokesman—Gottleib Schwartz."

PADDY BLAKE'S WAKE

AND REMINISCENCES OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

I SING an Irish wake, sir,
Was held in Tandragee,
The corpse was Paddy Blake, sir,
And darling corpse was he;
In life he taught a school for nought
Or compensation small,
Poor ragged boys in corduroys
Their lessons 'gainst a wall;
And thoughtful Paddy Blake, sir,
Ere he retir'd to rest,
Gave orders 'bout the wake, sir,
And how he should be dress'd.
"My brogues," he said, "put 'neath my head,
My breeches at my feet,
My caubeen big, 'spex' cane and wig
Stuff round my winding sheet."

And we were well supplied, sir,
With prime tobacco-plant,
Nor were the pipes denied, sir,
Tho' snuff was rather scant;
But whisky, good to fire the blood,
We had in cogues galore,
While Bridget Tate did ululate
Was heard a mile or more;
And well do I remember,
The day I went to school,
One day in bleak November
Along with Larry Toole;
'Twas hovel rude that lowely stood
Near margin of a bog,
There got my store of learned lore
From Patt the Pedagogue.

Patt liv'd a single life, sir,
As Paul advis'd to be,
Could read and write and cipher,
As far as "Rule of Three;"
And when his ire was rais'd, like fire
He would discipline well,
This oft my back with many a whack
Could demonstrative tell;
Besides he had an eye, sir,
And bold defiant nose,
That—always look'd awry, sir,
This—redder than a rose,
And when I jok'd, and Patt provok'd
To Phelim Quirk I'd state:
If he strikes where he looks, beware
Tim Walsh your ugly pate;

But I was wrong, I knew, sir,
For well he play'd his part,
And down would come a bruiser,
My shoulders poor athwart;
And when I'd moan or sob or groan
With agonizing pain,
With accents gay, he'd kindly say:
"My *bohil* joke again;"—
Yet Paddy lov'd a joke, sir,
As well as argue too,
For none of all the folk, sir,
Would meet him save a few;

For 'Squire or Peer he had no fear,
For his transcendent skill
Soon put to flight men erudite
And left him victor still.

But now we say Ochone! sir,
For ours is mournful case, sir,
Since Paddy's left and gone, sir,
With none to fill his place;
But since 'tis so that all must go
We'll cease lachrymal plaint,
And trust he's o'er on upper shore
With Cherubim and Saint.

MARY MONTAGUE.

OH! charming Mary Montague,
When first I saw you at a ball,
With tresses fair and eyes of blue
You seem'd to me surpassing all;
Your sylph-like form in mazy dance
I view'd with rapture swelling high,
And when I caught your lightning glance
I stood entranc'd—I knew not why.

Oh! charming Mary Montague,
'Twas then I heard your high-born name,
'Twas then my heart affection knew
And burn'd a pure Platonic flame;
And when your hand I touch'd, I felt
The sanguine flood its speed renew,
And oh! forgive me, would have knelt,
To worship Mary—worship you.

Oh! charming Mary Montague,
Why dally with the hearts of men,
For well I know you have for true
Of faithful suitors nine or ten;
And giving each expectancy
That he may soon your hand entreat,
While you exult with innate glee
To see them kneeling at your feet.

Oh! charming Mary Montague,
Altho' in circles high you shine,
The tender flame you never knew,
Nor do I think you now divine;
Your smile and glance that made me bow
To you, submissive as a slave,
Are o'er—nor will I give you now
The homage once to you I gave.

Oh! charming Mary Montague,
Why spend your time in folly's maze,
Is there no work your hands to do,
No needy poor your means to raise?
No orphans low, you can discern,
Requiring teaching, clothing, food,
No inlet left for you to learn
The luxury of doing good?

Oh! charming Mary Montague,
On ev'ry side such claims appear,
Whereby you can assist, and you
Henceforth be useful in your sphere:
This do, and leave the rout and ball
With flirting too: bid all depart,
Or you may find too late of all,
You'll scarce detain one loving heart:
For wrinkl'd age you so much dread,
Will on your cheeks the roses fade,
Then who, of all, will woo and wed
A faded, jaded, senile maid.

ARABI BEY'S FAREWELL TO EGYPT.

ADIEU, my native land, adieu,
With all your joys and charms,
And oh! a long farewell to you
My comrades late in arms;
No more I'll lead your columns on,
The Franks to subjugate,
For Tel el Kebir they have won
And we've succumb'd to fate:
But had they not surpris'd our hold,
A diff'rent tale they might have told.

Alas! too long our Fellahdeen
Have seen their harvests spoil'd,
By State Officials, basely mean,
For which they never toil'd;
No wonder then they sought the strife
On the ensanguin'd plain,
And rather lead this servile life
They'd fight it o'er again,
And death prefer, ere they'd be slaves,
To sordid Franks or Moslem knaves.

But I must go, a poor exile,
By Britain's mandate high,
To dwell in Ceylon's distant isle,
Perchance until I die;
And, oh! forgive, ye Power above,
If it can ne'er be mine,
To make the pilgrimage I love
To Mecca's sacred shrine;
There for my many sins atone,
And prostrate kiss the holy stone.

But this seclusion will, ere long,
Accelerate my doom,
And I shall go to join the throng
In bright Elysian bloom;
There see the Prophet of our race,
The Oracle divine,
Who stands the second in his place
Of the celestial line;
Where unbelieving Giaours ne'er
Shall see the forms of Houris fair.

Again, farewell, my comrades all,
Yet sometimes think of me,
Who would have broken foreign thrall
And set my country free;
And tho' Khedive and Sultan may
Accuse me for their woes,
Yet, I may, on some future day
Their perfidy expose:
And let the nations plainly see
The way in which they've dealt with me.

But soon, I hope, one of our race
Will Egypt's rights restore,
And in the scale of nations place
Her as in days of yore;
And may exaction 'neath his eye
Be cast for ever down,
And cruelty and rapine fly
At his repulsive frown;—
These would I know—these would I hail—
As blessings for my native vale.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

PARAPHRASE ON THE 17TH CHAPTER OF 1ST SAMUEL.

ON mountain overlooking Elah's vale
Came Saul's array, and on opposing height
Philistia shew'd her martial columns
Repellent to the foe. As thus they stood,
Expectant of the strife, forth daily from
The ranks of latter strode their chosen chief,
Of size colossal, and in sheening mail
Encas'd, with helm of bronze and weapons huge,
Proportion'd to the man,—while thus in vaunting
Accents loudly spoke—"Ye cow'ring dastards,
Base of Saul, lo, here I stand defiant
You before; select from all your legions
A veteran renown'd, and let him deign
To meet me single-handed, and essay
To foil my claims to puissance and worth,
And if I fall beneath his conq'ring glaive,
Then will our host be subject to your king;
But should my hostile arm victorious prove,
Then you'll submissive to Philistia bow;
And list! to fire your phlegm and flagging zeal,
Your pride of chivalry I now contemn,
And Dagon's malison upon you fall."
But passive still the challeng'd stood, for fear
And anguish keen their inmost vitals seiz'd,
At length a youth, in shepherd's guise appear'd,
Of ruddy aspect and of pleasing mien,
Who, being instructed by paternal love,
Had brethren sought with alimental cheer,
Their weal to know, and take their filial
Pledge. But short their mutual tale, for near

Approached the tow'ring height of Gath, who
Foe-denounc'd as heretofore. With valour
Fired the swain enraptur'd told his conflicts
Past, with rabid Lion and with shaggy
Bear, that from the fold purloin'd his fleecy
Charge, and how, with his avenging hand, he
Wrested from his gripe the unresisting
Prey, and, all unaided, both marauders
Slew, and this uncircumcis'd by me shall
Die, Because he has vehemently defied
The host of Isr'el and the Living God.
Assent being made, the valiant stripling took
Five smooth-washed pebbles from the neighb'ring brook,
One in his sling he put, then quickly ran
To meet the stalwart mail-clad mountain-man,
With circling skill to give momentum strong
The missile whizzing left the pliant thong,
Through ambient tide with nice precision sped,
Cleft helmet strong and crash'd into his head.
As stately pine by tempest's force laid low,
So prone-descending fell the vanquish'd foe;
With flashing brand he mounts with agile tread
The heaving trunk, and parts it from the head,
At sight of which Philistia's proud array
Disorder'd broke and fled in haste away.
Then to his King, by Abner led he went
With grim Goliath's head all blood besprent.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

NOW, William, my friend, give ear and attend
To the old rustic bard moralizing,
And attend to each rule of your duty at school,
Which time will, no doubt, find you prizing,—
In science and art pray act well your part
Or you will receive reprehension,
A niche you must claim in the Temple of Fame
Or some such high notable mention,
Such as London's Lord Mayor, or Britain's *Premiere*,
Or Lord of the Nation's Exchequer,
Or perchance you are partial to high-plum'd Field-Marshal,
Or captain of gallant three-decker;

Or there, by the bye, is the Primate so high,
Or he of the height of the Ermine,
To one of th' above you must shortly approve
And to fill all its high duties determine ;
They're all within grasp of your high-minded clasp,
Affection and manful embrace, sir,
But, if you forego all these dignities, know,
Ne'er shew to the poet your face, sir,
In fierce modern wars look at Delhi and Kars,
With Williams and Inglis' ovation,
Then, why not aspire to something still higher,
'Tis laudable pure emulation.
So now I will end my counsel, young friend,
And pray for your health and discretion ;
And, also, to stand a magnate in the land
Is my honest and truthful expression.

STANZAS.

FROM earliest ages, if records say right,
'Twas custom for poets to sing,
Of woman all radiant with love and delight,
And beauty out-rivalling Spring.
Of these was Anacreon who sang of the fair,
With ogle and dimple and smile,
There's none of the poets with him can compare
Saving Móore of the Emerald Isle ;
For he of all moderns is signally grac'd,
With wit, glowing sweetness, and exquisite taste.

With raptures ecstatic, young Byron would stray
Through grove and o'ercanopied glade,
And raise all-exulting his Heaven-taught lay,
To Mary his fair matchless maid ;
But his bright "Morning Star," whom he lov'd to excess
Ne'er partook of his true-loving flame ;
But heard and approv'd of another's address,
Tho' formal, cold, feeble and tame ;
And the lovely young heiress became his gay wife,
As his "Dream" still informs us with subsequent life.

And Burns sang his Mary, his dear Highland maid,
Though gone to the regions above,
And well has the Poet her requiem paid
With tenderness, pathos and love.

No, not while our people and language endure
Shall this strain be unheeded the less ;—
For it speaks love Platonic, unaffectedly pure,
And beaming with Heaven's impress ;—
For all who have read it admit it imparts
Ineffable pleasure that thrills thro' their hearts.

YE RUSTICS SAGE ON BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

YE rustics sage, on Brooklyn heights,
And beaux of fam'd Chegoggin,
With all the bold heroic wights
From here to Androscoggin,
Come hearken to my wail of woe,
And you will think it strange all,
For I have wed a vixen know
That I once thought an angel.
Ochone !

She has a tongue surpassing all
For strife and insurrection,
Conjoin'd with jealousy and gall—
Deceit, and base detraction ;—
Her stature's only four feet four,
With nose to lip descending,
And eyes distorted, blear'd and sore
With spinal column bending.
Ochone !

For teeth, she has two yellow snags,
Her breath like putrid stenches,
Her gown is foul and torn in rags,
Disgusting e'en to wenches ;
Her hair is mixed with mournful grey,
The work of Nature's tillage,
While feet, obliquely, point the way
That guide her through the village.
Ochone !

Her face she washes twice a year,—
But how 'tis done—no matter—
My friends you need not have a fear
'Twill bring a dearth of water,

And sallow-hued's her wrinkl'd skin,
Her mouth beyond proportion,
While warts bestud her upturn'd chin,
Prove her a true abortion.
Ochone ?

She's very fond of Hyson strong
And drinks it when she pleases,
And when I tell her this is wrong
My ear or nose she seizes,
And calls me miser, wretch and knave,
With such selected speeches,
While I am forc'd her grace to crave,
And let her wear the breeches.
Ochone ?

And now, my friends, between extremes,
Of places I have mention'd,
If you can aid me with your schemes
This instant you'll be pension'd;
And let it have electric flame,
For should it longsome tarry,
Then, farewell, to my race and name,
And all that's sublunary.
Ochone ?

BRIEF TRIBUTE TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

AND he is gone, who has for many years
Stood 'mong the foremost of the gifted bards,
Who to a grateful world have kindly lent
Their inspirations;—perchance a few may
Have in thought sublime and effervescent flow
Surpass'd him;—but for a lay descriptive,
Original and terse, and pathos strong,
None have excell'd the young Evangeline.
And then Miles Standish, heroic doughty,
Miles, who never blanch'd or trepidation shew'd
Before the foe,—with pedigree antique
As Runnymede, perchance as Hasting's field:—
And whose heraldic bearings never knew
A stain,—sagacious and alert was
He to counteract and foil deceit, and
Ambuscade; with all that appertain to
Forest warfare, and arms so much engross'd

Our hero's life, that when the urchin's shaft
Transfix'd his martial heart, John Alden was
Deputed to make known to Plymouth maid
His ardent flame,—and how the proxy told
The captain's love, fidelity and worth,
And eke the cause of absence of his friend,
With all his fervid eloquence and zeal
To fan a kindred flame;—and her response
Thereto are choice and rare productions of
The poet's mind. Again, with pleasure high,
We in imagination view the naval
Structure rear'd as vividly as he who
Wrote it—hear, too, the ringing cheer, and see
Her quickly glide along the plane inclin'd
A paragon of beauty to the flood.
These shall survive, I venture to predict,
When nearly all the monumental pile
Erected by the would-be poets shall
Be soon consign'd to sweet Lethean bliss.

STANZAS COMPOSED TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

ON HIS POEM, ENTITLED THE "TASK."

YES, I have read, with pleasure in my youth,
Some sweet effusions of our British bards
On diverse themes; but when maturer years
Had brought my mental pow'rs to more
Development; I chanc'd to see and read
One Cowper's Task, a work, in which the bard
Collates his topics with artistic skill;
And with a mind impartial demonstrates
Whate'er he deems conducive to our weal,
Or vice exposes with unsparing pen.
But useless all for me to undertake
The task, to shew the merits of the Task:
Suffice to say in my opinion, that
It will exist for principles approv'd,
By men of virtue while our language lives.

THE BIRTH OF MOSES.

EXODUS II CHAPTER AND FIRST TEN VERSES.

'TWAS when the regal mandate had gone forth
By Egypt's cruel lord, that all the males
Of Hebrew women born, in future, should
Be straight consign'd to Nilus' turbid flood.
'Twas during this inhuman edict, when
A matron mild of the preceding race
Gave birth unto a son, and when she saw
He was a fair and goodly child, her soft
Maternal heart in pity mov'd, that he
(Her first-born son) must be by minions base
Remov'd perforce, and forthwith thrown into
The parting wave; regardless of her woe.
Solicitous to save her infant, she
For three long months in close seclusion kept
Her charge attractive; till past her skill
Him to conceal from ken and prying zeal
Of keen official. With nice artistic
Skill was made, a fragile lightsome craft,
Wherein was plac'd with agonizing heart
Her infant boy; and mid the flags, beside
The brink she laid him; while at a distance
Stood with grief surcharg'd and eager watchful
Eyes; his sister mute, to know his fearful fate.
Just then the daughter of the Monarch came
With her attendant train of maidens young
T'river side:—she to ablutions sweet,
And they, too, to joy of healthful morning walk.
With wand'ring gaze she happen'd to descry
A tiny quaint-built ark, the flags among;
And at her high behest a maiden soon
With safety brought, and when uncover'd saw
A tender weeping babe, at sight of which
Her heart humane with fond compassion mov'd,
And thus remark'd: "This is a Hebrew's child
Of mother dear, forc'd by my sire's decree
To save her lov'd one from a ruthless doom,"
Then spoke his sister, who was standing by,
"Pray shall I go and bring a kindly nurse
To thee," and when affirm'd, the maiden brought
With joy and eager haste, his mother dear,
(Though not their kin the royal maiden knew),

To whom she said: "Pray take this child away
And be to him a nurse, and in return
For thy maternal care thou wilt receive
A due reward." Then in her loving arms
She clasp'd her tender charge, and home direct
With joyous heart, accorded for the boon
She bore him:—who 'neath her fost'ring, fondling
Care he stately grew, until by order of
The dame august was brought, whom when she saw,
Adopted for her son, and Moses nam'd
Because she drew him from the liquid wave.

MOSES' SONG OF DELIVERANCE.

WHEN from a foreign nation
The Hebrew tribes were free,
And saw their great salvation
By Egypt's parted sea;
Then rose with acclamation
In numbers loud and long
Ecstatic exultation
Of soul-enraptur'd song,
The Lord is great and glorious
His hand has been our stay,
O'er Egypt's chief victorious
With all his proud array;
He ever reigns triumphant
In potency and skill,
And makes the liquid element
Submissive to His will.
We'll give him adoration
And to His presence give
A home and habitation
Within our souls to live;
For He from death and danger
Has sav'd us by His arm,
From ocean and the stranger
And ev'ry threat'ning harm:
No more his mounted heroes
His pride of chivalry,
Nor aught that once was Pharaoh's
Shall ever Egypt see;
Their hot pursuit is ended—
They're vanquish'd and o'erthrown,

They lie in depths unfriended,
  Unpitied and unknown:
But Thou to us art gracious
  Oh! Lord of Hosts, and we
Will praise Thy name all precious
  In strains of victory,
For Thou wilt still defend us
  From all that would destroy,
And guide us and befriend us
  Till Canaan we enjoy.

DEACON SCHMIDT'S COW.

DEACON Schmidt had a cow, but he hasn't her now,
  Was almost as 'cute as her master,
And the neighbors well knew, what her visits could do,
  In their mowings, their gardens, and pasture.
And the Deacon would toast her in lager, and boast
  That she was a creature worth praising,
This, with truth, he could tell, for her pasture was—well
  It force'd her to seek better grazing:—
So she boarded around like a teacher renown'd,
  Before the old system was over;
But what did she care, since well she could fare
  On succulent grasses and clover.
But, at length, he did grieve, for an old cattle-reeve
  Nam'd "Taffy," an obsolete tutor,
Got it into his mind, that his bread he could find,
  By turning a cow persecutor;—
So at nights—oft for hours—'neath the dews and the show'rs,
  In anguish of mind he lay waiting,
To pounce on his victim in guilt, but she trick'd him,
  She lay in the field ruminating;—
But not always would she, in the field safely be,
  For she was a cow intellective,
And knew when to steal, out in quest of a meal,
  In spite of this sordid detective.
At length, nearly worn out, the old Reeve cast about,
  And said to himself I'll o'ermatch her,
So I'll let down the bars, when the night has no stars,
  And then in the morning I'll catch her.
And sometimes ere the sun, had its journey begun,
  On Her Majesty's highway he's found her;

Then exulting he'd wend, to the Justice Stipend',
Or if so dispos'd he would *pound her;*
And when at the trial, a plea or denial,
Was treated as argument hollow;
For the Deacon must "down with his dust" to the town,
And costs of the court, too, must follow;
These repeated designs, and oft multiplied fines,
Anon put a stop to her rambles;
For on trying the scale, her profits did fail,
Which brought her in haste to the shambles.
But tho' he's bereft of the cow, he has left
One solace, that knows no declension,
That the Court and Reeve yet, will undoubtedly get
Their place in a clime I wont mention.

THE HORSES' DIALOGUE.

ONE night when winter reign'd supreme,
And bound with frost, the lake and stream,
And winds uncav'd with ruthless sway
Swept piercing cold o'er hill and bay,
While Luna, empress of the night,
Shed down her borrow'd brilliant light.
As I lay on my pallet hard,
Meet place for grov'ling rustic bard,
And musing on our seamen brave
Who guide our commerce thro' the wave;
But that which mostly fill'd my mind
Was owners to their steeds unkind;
Those jaded brutes that have the luck
To draw all day a loaded truck:
As thus I mus'd the drowsy god
Usurp'd his reign, and I to nod,
I felt his soft voluptuous grace,
And soon was lock'd in his embrace:
While crowding fancies round me seem'd,
And thus I dream'd, or thought I dream'd,
Methought I saw two famish'd steeds,
Not of Algiers, nor Tartar breeds,
Nor of the chargers of the Don,
That Cossacks love to ride upon:—
That Arabs would behold with scorn,
As quite unmatch'd with desert-born;

Nought like them on this earth alone,
For sharp protruding fleshless bone;
And there they stood in stable fast,
Without a rug to shield from blast;
While white one, Bill, and bay one, Jack,
Look'd all aghast at empty rack.
And as they stood and wish'd for hay
'Twas thus they said, or seem'd to say:—

BILL.

"Alack! alas! that I was born,
That I must toil night, noon and morn,
I'm all emaciate and worn
And old and tame,
Since I'm depriv'd of meal and corn
I'm but a frame,

'Tis true I get a little hay
Chopp'd up in water thrice a day;
On these I tug and strain away
As well's I can;
And when the mill's in active play
A little bran.

Yes, Jack, I tell you with a sigh,
(The tears e'en now conglobe my eye)
One day I reach'd the brook hard by
And stopp'd on brink,
For his salt-hay had made me dry
And I would drink;

When lo! before my startl'd sight
I saw my frame-worn direful plight,
And soon I'll bid the toil good night
Tho' men may laugh;
And I've engag'd a bard to write
My epitaph.

I wish some philanthropic eye
Could see me where I stand or lie,
My head hung down—my rump on high
On ordure strong;
No doubt he surely would reply
That this is wrong.

Say, Jack, is there no law humane
Existing in this *Gael's* reign?
This bestial treatment to restrain,
Then this I state
Their legislation's void and vain
Beyond debate.

Yes, Jack, my friend, it grieves my heart
As on I drag my loaded cart,
To see a pamper'd vile upstart
Go by with speed;
In glit'ring trappings sleek and smart
Like Townsend's steed.

He thinks no more of you and me
Than citizens of poetry;
He scorns our lab'ring pedigree
With eye as cold
As Candidates' Electors see,
When they are poll'd."

JACK.

"O! my poor, dear, co-lab'rer Bill,
What fate has brought me to this hill?
I'm now as hollow as a quill
Or old basedrum:
I wish I had of meal my fill
Or death would come.

Each day I drag a pond'rous load
Thro' street and lane, and miry road,
To wharf or store, or man's abode
And woe betide
Me if I stop; for soon a goad
Will pierce my hide.

I've made my master, clean and clear,
Five hundred dollars, now, this year,
Save fifty, which for shoes and gear,
And hay and bran.
But still denies me mealy cheer
This sordid man.

How chang'd alas! is now my lot,
Since I came to this wretched spot;
I would I were hang'd, drown'd or shot
By friendly hind;
My griefs would then be all forgot
As passing wind.

I cannot tell you all my woes,
Of goads and kicks and sturdy blows,
And daily cawings of the crows
Above my head;
I wish the mortgage they'd foreclose
And I were dead.

But, hark ye, Bill, I soon will prate
To Joe, our new-made magistrate,
And he'll soon issue his mandate
When this he hears;
Our woes he'll soon alleviate
And dry our tears."

I heard no more for Chanticleer,
The blushing dawn confess'd,
And hush'd the murm'ring to my ear,
And broke my peaceful rest;
This clos'd the steed's lugubrious theme,
When I awoke, and lo! it was no dream.

TEMPERANCE STANZAS.

"O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"—*Shakspeare.*

WE sing an Institution that is worthy of a verse
Of eulogy from poet's pen, its merits to rehearse,
Whose loving aim is how to wrest the drunkard from his thrall,
And place him in society
Erect and tall.

For we have seen in days gone by, and yet we often see
The vices multiform that spring from inebriety,
And citizens who promis'd well at last became the slaves
Of the seductive bowl, and sleep
In drunkards' graves.

Then "look not on the wine," remark'd a royal bard of yore
Who down the ages still is fam'd for his poetic lore;
For he who tampers with its use will find it surely brings
The serpent's fang-inserting wounds
And adder's stings.

And in the Gospel, too, we hear the delegated voice
Of our Creator speaking thro' the servants of his choice;
No drunkard can admittance have to realms divinely fair
Who has not here a foretaste of
Fruition there.

'Tis not yourself alone you wrong; your wife and children know
The lack of frame-sustaining food their meagre aspects shew,
Which plainly speak you hold the faith to be of no avail
And, when compar'd with infidel,
In lower scale.

Leave we these scenes of wretchedness, indulgent muse, and sing
The innate peace and happiness that temperance can bring
To all in ev'ry station throughout this mundane sphere,
And have its blessings realiz'd
As we have here.

For here in song and minstrelsy we banish ev'ry care,
And from our hearts unitedly ascends the fervent pray'r
To Him who is Omnipotent our hopes and aims to bless,
That our dear Institution may
Have great success.

To you who keep aloof from us, but who are sober men,
We say with all due deference, the time may circle when
Temptations in unguarded hour your fortitude may try;
But armour'd with this sacred pledge
'Twill pass you by.

To you who are oppos'd to us, who in destruction deal,
We turn with all sincerity, and to your minds appeal,
That you henceforward will renounce this base, illicit trade,
And be with us co-workers in
This great crusade.

To you who're duly licens'd by your councils to distil
This beverage insidious—this agency of ill,
Look at the dire results entail'd, conjointly yours to claim;
Then conscientiously admit
You are to blame.

Then let us with fidelity still prosecute the war
Against the foe, and fondly hope the time's not distant far
When ev'ry civil polity will on the "traffic" frown,
Or better still, enact a law
To put it down.

A sentence more, and then we close this short, discursive lay,
Which breathes not all the solemn truths we truthfully could say:
Then leave the soul-destroying bowl and come and join our ranks;
You'll get a cordial welcome
And heartfelt thanks.

THE WINE-CUP.

MY rustic lyre that long has lain,
Unus'd and silent as the grave,
I rescue from oblivion's wave
And sound its warning notes again;
And tell the rulers of the State
We'll never, never compromise
Until we know the foe's demise,
Or banishment immediate.
The foe to which we now allude
Is Wine, the mocker, that destroys
Affection's sweet and social joys,
With everything that's pure and good.
Then look not on it, tho' it vies
With crimson tint or ruby's glow,
For all who tamper with it know
Alas! too long they've been unwise.
For as effect still follows cause
So to the system it will bring
The serpent's bite and adder's sting,
The dire results of broken laws:—
And more—the soul must jointly share
And never know celestial bliss,
For preparation's made in this,
And no uncleanness enters there.
And now to those in every zone
Who've legislated for its use
And took the funds it did produce,
Take, too, its crimes—they're all your own.

But better far, altho' 'tis late,
This statute from your page erase
And Prohibition take its place,
For godliness exalts a State.
This consummation may we see
E're many days have circl'd by;
Then will we raise our voices high
And shout a moral jubilee.

CLEM' SURETTE'S PANEGYRIC ON TUSKET EELS.

LET poets strike the lyric string,
And chaunt the praise of flow'ry Spring,
Or laud the Bacchanalian king
With fervent zeal,
Be mine the pleasing task to sing
Good Tusket eel.

Let Bobby Burns aloud proclaim
His haggis of unrivall'd fame,
With entrails of inferior name,—
Crammed with oatmeal;
They can't compare to build a frame,
With Tusket eel.

I love it dearly,—this is true,—
In pie, or boil'd, or in a stew,—
It sticks close to my ribs like glue,
Through thick and thin;—
And now I will describe to you
How I begin:—

I seize it firmly by the back
And run my lips from tail to neck,
Then turn it on the other tack,
And same repeat;—
And bone 's denuded in a crack,
Of juicy meat:—

Then take a "spud" of humid white,
(No matter size—'tis but a bite)
And let it downward take its flight
On top of eel;—
'Tis thus I please my appetite,
And make my meal.

If I eat gaspereaux,—I state
I don't eat much, that's good or great,
But big nutritious eel has weight
To brace and cheer·
For me I want no better freight,
From year to year.

What signify tarts, cakes and rice,
Light fricassee, ragout and spice,
Or turkeys of high-sounding price,
Or goose or teal;
They never could my taste entice
Away from eel.

I hate all medium beans and peas,
They keep me swell'd and ill at ease
Pale tallow butter, skim-milk cheese,
Are all unfit;
But eels give stomach ecstacies,
And cranium—wit.

Nor yet avail beef, pork, or ham,
Potatoes sweet, or mealy yam,
Mutton, fowl, or tender lamb,
Or stagg'ring veal;
High over all bears off the palm,
Good Tusket eel.

Some nice fastidious tastes prefer
The flesh of squirrel, frog, or hare;
And others porcupine, or bear,
And some cow-heel;
But far above them in compare,
Stands Tusket eel.

No give me *Anguille* day by day,
Whene'er I work for daily pay,
I'll dig or chop with spirits gay,
Or dance a reel;
No other food can make such play,
As Tusket eel.

CLEM'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

For all Thy goodness does accord,
My heart sincerely feels,
And now I crave Thy blessing, Lord,
On these big Tusket eels.

HIS GRACE AFTER MEAT.

For what I have received, O Lord!
My thanks to Thee are sent,
For tone of stomach is restor'd,
And I am now content.

REFLECTIONS ON SEEING A ROBIN CAUGHT

AND CONFINED IN A CAGE.

ALAS! gay-plumag'd warbler of the waste,
Thou art a captive now—and circumscrib'd
To finite bounds, to please the new caprice
Of him your gaoler hard, and tho' he sees
Your vain essays, with flutt'ring pinions spread,
Fast beating heart, and bleeding bill, against
The prison bars, to 'scape from durance vile,
He still denies thy freedom to accord.
No more, sweet minstrel of the grove, no more
Shalt thou appear in balmly vernal reign,
Perched on the summit of some stately dome
Or poplar high—attune thy matin loud,
Or in the gloaming hour thy vesper song.
No—thou wouldst rather be releas'd from thrall
And with thy consort sweet rove unconfin'd;
Than in seclusion take his frugal dole.

LIFE: A SKETCH.

THE sprightly youth enraptur'd sees
The varied prospects round him lie,
Of flow'ry vales and foliag'd trees,
Pellucid streams and azure sky;
With cheering hope and spirits gay,
And self reliant in his aim,
The young advent'rer hies away
To seek for happiness and fame;
And as he treads the spacious plain
With eager haste to catch the prize,
Tumultuous passions crowd his brain
To find the way in which it lies;

But onward fast o'er hill and dell
And ev'ry way that seems the best,
And well the pilgrim's breast can tell
That happiness is unpossess'd;
While on his head meridian blaze
Descends, conjoin'd with weary feet,
He's often known to make delays
And seek the fane where follies meet;
This oft repeated his desires
Become less anxious for the course,
Until at length his nobler fires
Relax their vigor and their force;
And hoary age draws on apace
Unmanning all his active powers,
He now foregoes the errant chase,
And views with grief his misspent hours;
To Heaven he turns his languid eyes,
And sues for pardon, peace and rest.
The Father hears the suppliant's cries,
And grants him all his mind's request.
With blessings now his head is crown'd,
And thanks the grace that bade him live,
And tells with joy the bliss he found,
A bliss the world can never give.

PADDY BURKE: THE HODMAN.

OH! bold Paddy Burke, has come out from the "sod"
To learn the Blue-noses to carry the hod;
For all bold aspirants were second to him
In weight of a burden or movement of limb:
'Twas pleasure to see him in native costume
Ascending the ladder in roseate bloom,
In corduroy breeches untied at the knees
And low rimless *caubeen* and jerkin of frieze.
His brogans were hob-nail'd, heel-plated and strong,
And bound to his feet with a tough leather thong,—
His shirt was of linen, his vest was plush, dyed,
With a belt round his middle of black bullock's hide.
With fifty big bricks bold Paddy has trod
Up four storeys high with his large native hod;
While the *dudeen* he smok'd with inward delight,
And croon'd Norah Creenah ascending the height.

One day being asked by a certain fair friend
If it were not too much five masons to tend,
"Oh! no," said the gallant, aspiring Patt Burke,
"I but carry the bricks and the men do the work."
Then success still attend this brave knight of the hod,
He's a far greater hero than many we laud,
Wherever he goes may his laurel ne'er pale
Who came here to learn us from old Innisfail.

TOMMY LUTZ.

FRIEND, Tommy Lutz, lives on the road
That leads from Yarmouth town to Tusket,
Who early learn'd to prime and load,
And fire and charge with British musket;
And Tommy loved the field of Mars,
But not like some for pay or plunder,
And came unscath'd from cuts and scars
Although he mixed among the thunder;
Tom said in all his great campaigns,
On mountain, hillside, plain or valley,
He sent the balls like tropic rains,
That left the foe unfit to rally.
Tom thus would talk when o'er the bowl,
At other times he was much colder,
But when the "schnapps" warm'd up his soul
Then Tommy wax'd a valiant soldier;
Of divers fields he'd shew the plan,
And said 'twas true as it was written,
On Alma's heights and Inkerman,
He whack'd the foes of Madam Britain;
And when the serfs were dead or fled,
He came direct to fam'd "Acadie,"
And soon in Yarmouth town was wed
To a buxom "coolid ladye."
Friend Tommy keeps a wayside Inn,
And lager sells, with nuts and candy,
And sometimes too a horn of gin,
Or if, you chose, a nip of brandy.
I've been to Tom's and it was good
To see them live from feud and clamour,
As man and wife forever should,
And Tom at work with rasp or hammer;

For Tommy is a blacksmith true,
That well is worthy of the seeing,
Was armourer, and farrier too,
When he was in the war Crimean.
But ere my measure I will end
This, this friend Tom I must be telling,
Let Vulcan always be your friend,
But drive old Bacchus from your dwelling.

GREAT BRITAIN VINDICATED.

AND Britain's prestige stands much higher now
In all that appertain to science and
To art, than e'er it stood; tho' many men
Arose o'er sixty years ago who claim'd
The sacred gift of prophecy: and that
Great Britain had at Waterloo attain'd
In war her proud preeminence,—and would
Henceforth resign her martial claim to some
More favor'd State by Heaven approv'd: but
Time has shewn that all their fond unfolding
Of the future lack'd th' element essential;
Altho', no doubt, it gave annoyance and
Disquietude of mind to them, when they
Beheld in subsequent campaigns the arms
Of Britain culminating high, whene'er
Some haughty State their just resentment knew.
This Hindostan, Cathay, Afghanistan,
Abyssinia and Ashantee, with
Muscovy and lately Egypt too
Can truthfully avow, that British valor
Indicates no semblance of impotence,
And will enforce as heretofore her just
Demands and claims 'gainst all infractions
Of existing treaties made in solemn faith
And confidence: nor with impunity
Permit an insult offer'd to her flag.

DONALD'S INTERVIEW WITH THE CZAR.

I believe it was in the year of Grace, 1814, *when Napoleon the* 1*st was exiled to Elba, that the following interview took place.*

WHEN peace had return'd to old Europe once more,
And great Buonaparte was exiled afar,
The Despot of Russia to Britain came o'er
To gratulate George on the close of the war;
The bridges and tunnel—the parks and the halls—
The museum fam'd and the tower so grim,
Old Chelsea and Greenwich with stately St. Paul's
With castle and palace were shown unto him;
The troops he review'd with true critical ken,
And by orders to greet him they lustily cheer'd;
And when this was over it happen'd just then
One Donald, a piper, in costume appear'd.
"Please play us a march," said the Monarch, "my friend,"
To which the bold Gael low nodded assent,
Then putting the bag 'neath his arm he did send
The notes streaming forth to his Czarship's content.
Again he remark'd "since you play'd this so well,
Now the charge in the fight we would willingly hear;"
Again from the pipes came a drone and a yell,
That made him to tremble with absolute fear.
With tremulous accents again spoke the Chief,
"Pray give us the notes when your army is beat
Or beaten"—said Donald in language quite brief,
"Ah! I canna dae that, for I ken nae retreat."

COMPOSED ON THE LOSS OF THE SCHOONER "MELROSE."

With all on board, 1861; written 1862.

'TWAS Autumn sere and loudly swept the blast
O'er cape and hill, and thro' the sombre glades
Of forests lately gay, but now bereft
Of foliag'd bloom, when from our haven sailed
The schooner "Melrose," well-mann'd and strong, with
All on board that number'd thirty-one;

Composed of various stages of our span.
There bloom'd the maiden fair, the matron sage,
And nonage sweet unconscious of their fate,
With sturdy manhood on his mission bent.
With deep solicitude we've waited long,
And hoped and wish'd and pray'd that they might be
Protected by the arm of Him who holds
The billows in the hollow of His hand,
And howling winds in grasp omnipotent:
And often thought some passing barque perchance
Might opportunely see their peril dire,
And save them from the deep-engulfing wave;
Then to some distant port athwart the foam
Have borne them. But alas! all hope is o'er,
For never on the Shores of Time shall we
Behold the lov'd ones to us endear'd by
Social and consanguin'd ties, until
Through parting skies in majesty descends
The once incarnate King, but then the Judge:
While foremost in his high attendant-train
The bright angelic Chief whose trumpet-note
Shall reach where'er on earth man ever dwelt,
And by Almighty puissance stand forth
To hear their final and impartial doom.

COMPOSED ON RECEIVING A MOOSE-STEAK DINNER.

January 25th, 1875.

TO Thee, oh Lord, we humbly bow
And earnestly entreat,
Thou wouldst vouchsafe Thy blessing now,
On what we mean to eat.
'Tis true the law was broken when
The antler'd victim bled,
For which we truly say, Amen,
Because we must be fed:
But should the law for damage done
Demand a certain fine,
Let him who done the act atone,
And all the praise be Thine.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

To Thee our Benefactor kind,
Our grateful thanks are sent,
Though truth to tell we're less inclin'd
To give than now in Lent:
These meagre alewives we receive
Are anything but good;
But better thanks to Thee we'll give,
When we get better food.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

FROM thee, Maria, I must go,
And from my native shore,
And cruel fate between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar;
But whether to the Line or Pole,
Or foreign realms I see,
The fond affections of my soul
Untravell'd are with thee;
And absence that may now annoy,
Or give our bosoms pain,
Will but enhance our innate joy,
When we will meet again.

STANZAS COMPOSED ON A SWAIN'S UNFORTUNATE AMOUR IN KEMPT,

COUNTY OF YARMOUTH.

HAD I a hut by big Rossignol Lake,
Where the big billows on big boulders break,—
There on some shelving stone,
With lichen thick o'ergrown,
There would I weep alone
Till my heart ache.

Fairest of maidens now go and disclose
To thy new lover my anguish and woes,
Tell too thy perfidy,
Tell it exultingly,
Then in thy bosom try,
What joy it knows.

COMPOSED ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC,"

NEAR PROSPECT, NOVA SCOTIA.

A DIRGE.

ON bleak Acadian land,
Old darkness holds command,
While on its rock-bound strand
Breaks the wave:
As a gallant ship divides
The undulating tides,
And quickly onward glides
To her grave.

And her inmates have withdrawn
From converse,—and have gone
To repose, in hope the dawn
Will display,
A transatlantic sight,
Of a city sheening bright,
Along the western height
Of the Bay.

But soon is heard a shock,
Of their ship on deep-set rock,
While pallidly they flock
To the deck,
And louder than the roar,
Of old ocean on the shore,
Arose the wailing sore
On the wreck.

Yet some with desp'rate might
Reach'd a spray-wash'd craggy height,
And prayed for tedious night
To be o'er;
And when the solar ray
Shone forth from orient day,
Kind friends bore them away
To the shore.

But, alas! some lowly sleep
By the beetling rugged steep,
In caverns of the deep
Far from eyes;
And kin and friends will shed,
Tears for the dear ones dead,
And trust their souls have sped
To the skies.

MY DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN 1875.

WHO is the maid who never soils
Her fingers at domestic toils?
Save with pomades and scented oils,
My daughter.

Who is the maid goes neatly shod,
And visits oft her friends abroad,
Rouge-cheek'd and chignon'd *a la mode*,
My daughter.

And who can see her mother rub,
And knit and cook, sew, mend and scrub,
And weekly sweating o'er the tub?
My daughter.

And who is she reads puling strains,
Of ladies fair and love-sick swains,
And stultified and craz'd her brains?
My daughter.

And who can take without remorse
Her aged father's hard-earn'd purse,
Her tawdry garments to disburse?
My daughter.

And who on harp will sit and play
Some hackney'd music night and day;
While her poor father toils away?
My daughter.

Who cares not what may home betide,
Of sickness, death, or aught beside,
If she can be some coxcomb's bride?
My daughter.

THERE.

IN radiant morn the highway leads
Through sylvan groves of sweet perfume.
By purling streams and verdant meads,
Soft mossy banks and flow'rets bloom;
Through all the beauteous landscape fair
There is a *path* that leadeth—There.

The highway leads, in noontide blaze,
Through briery glen and rough defile,
O'er craggy steep—through thorny maze,
Where Syrens warble to beguile,
And when attain'd with toil and care
The heart exclaims, it leads not—There.

The highway leads to darksome bourne,
And onward still to Jordan's swell,
Where none who cross may e'er return
Their happiness or woe to tell.
And here it ends; but where, oh! where
Is now the pilgrim? is he—There?

ON REVISITING TUSKET RIVER.

MY dear native river is still gliding on,
As limpid and fresh as the days that have gone,
When I in my boyhood delighted did lave
My flexible limbs in its health-giving wave.

And often in summer that Mary might wear
I've sought for wild roses to garnish her hair;
Or pull'd with delight 'neath the noon-falling beam
The sweet-scented lillies o'ertopping the stream.

And well I remember the pasture and wood,
Where I pluck'd from the brambles the berries jet-hued,
Or joined fond companions with innocent glee
To shake down the nuts from the spreading beech-tree.

Nor yet could rude Winter prevent us to go
Down the slopes on our sleds o'er the ice-crusted snow,
Or securely skate-footed amusement we found
In postures fantastic the lakelet around.

Gay scenes of my youth, I must bid you farewell,
Hill, hamlet and river, pine-barren and dell,
But wherever I go or whatever my lot,
The land of my nonage will ne'er be forgot.

SONG: TERENCE TOOLE.

TERENCE Toole lived in Balbriggan,
And was a ditcher of great renown,
Who sometime courted sweet Moll McGuiggan
The prettiest maiden in all the town;
Of fond admirers she had a dozen,
Besides Tim Driscoll and Barney Poole;
Big Larry Rourke, and Patt Flynn her cousin,
But all were slighted for Terence Toole.

Moll was a blonde, young, sweet and pretty,
With ringlets redder than *rouge* or rose,
Could twirl a stick, glib-tongued and witty,
With bold, defiant and upturn'd nose;
She tower'd above her sex in stature,
Was almost tall as big Phin McCoole,
While lovely freckles adorn'd each feature,
These stole the heart of bold Terence Toole.

And Molly, too, was quite elastic
When at a ball as an osier twig,
For she could trip on her toe fantastic,
And beat the time to an Irish jig;
Besides she had oblique and roving
An eye expressly for Cupid's school,
Kate Kearney's orb was ne'er so moving
To men, as Molly's to Terence Toole.

DOCTOR WARD'S ADVERTISEMENT.

LET allopathic doctors now
Forego their vaunting skill,
But to a better system bow,
Or evermore be still;
For well they know their art's abstruse,
And never should have been in use.

Too long, too long, ye patients dear
Your patience has been tried
By base empirics' practice here,
This cannot be denied,
And how they boldly took their fee,
Then laugh'd at your credulity:

But times have chang'd—a curative
Infallible I've found,
Which to the sick I'll cheaply give
To make them hale and sound;
Besides 'tis not a bolus—nor
A drastric drug, that all abhor:

No, no, poor suff'ring mortals—no—
Mine is a globule small,
A combination pure I know
And fit for use of all;
Moreover too it is encas'd
With honey pure to please the taste;

But lest some think my claim untrue,
I'll now enumerate
With their consent, a certain few,
Who'll vouch for what I state,
All men of influential sway,
Whose statements none will dare gainsay.

Hear now the words of Paul Dunbar,
"This is to certify
That I had long a bad catarrh,
And often thought I'd die;
At length I tried th' globule's pow'r,
And convalesc'd in half an hour."

Next, list to honest Gottleib Teal,
A gent of Malagash,
"I long have had a kibey heel,
Besides the waterbrash,
And tho' I tried the doctors round,
They still unflinching held their ground.

By chance I heard of Doctor Ward
A man of sterling worth,
To him I sent an urgent card,
That he would send me forth
A globule, which I took—and say,—
Instanter passed my ails away."

And Michael Muse, good kindly soul,
One of our town's *élite*,
I cured of indigestion foul,
And now he'll freely eat;
Besides he'll toil in ditch or drain,
That is—if he can *pork* obtain.

I also gave to Clem Surette
For loss of appetite,
A globule, which he owes for yet,
Tho' reinstated quite;
And now of eels can eat his share,
Or lay the spines of alewives bare.

But why should I prolong the roll,
'Twould surely be unwise,
And be a work to name the whole,
So this must now suffice;
So bring your maladies along,
If you'd be healthy, stout and strong.

To clinics poor where'er you be,
That sickness does prevent
From coming here to visit me,
A missive may be sent;
And I'll advert to it be sure,
Arm'd with my pill in miniature.

ROSE MELANCON.

OH! yes I've trod much of the "sod,"
And Scotia almost over,
And Gotham seen and Gretna Green
And chalky cliffs of Dover;
And maidens bright have charm'd my sight
With beauty all entrancing;
But ev'ry maid stands in the shade,
Compar'd with Rose Melançon.

Old Nature gay did long essay
To show some perfect creature,
Her plastic hand oft tried and plann'd
On stature, shape and feature,

Thus ev'ry grace of form and face
Kept constantly advancing,
Until her height of beauty bright
Was shewn in Rose Melançon.

And to complete this nymph so sweet
That she might be perfection,
Gave voice as clear as vernal year,
With ev'ry fond attraction;
And when in hall at fête or ball,
In either dance or *chanson*,
Not Essler's skill or Patti's trill
Can vie with Rose Melançon.

SONG: KATE OF SISSIBOO.

LET poets all enraptur'd
Sing sweet of love's alarms,
And tell how they were captur'd
By maidens' matchless charms;
Tell of the smile and dimple,
And orbs of azure hue,
But ev'ry strain compar'd is vain
With Kate of Sissiboo.

Let Byron sing the Cyclades
And fam'd Calypso's Isle,
Their sunny skies and balmy breeze,
And Haidee's artless smile;
And Burns his Highland Mary,
And Gay his black-eyed Sue,
But all must pale and truly fail
With Kate of Sissiboo.

Let Scott with rapture swelling,
His rural lyre awake,
And laud the charms of Helen,
The Lady of the Lake;
And Moore his loose-rob'd Norah,
That pleas'd his roving view,
All, all is tame to her I name,
Sweet Kate of Sissiboo.

My Kate is young and blooming,
With skin as lily-white,
Her breath the air perfuming,
Her cheeks as roses bright,—
Her stately form is peerless,
With heart serene and true,
All these combin'd with classic mind
Are Kate's of Sissiboo.

SONG: MONIQUE DORIE.

ON Milton Hill there dwells a maid,
A charming, lovely creature,
All other nymphs before her fade,
In stature shape and feature;
No fair of old of classic mould,
In Greek or Roman story,
Or modern belle that poets tell,
Can match with Monique Dorie.

Let Moore enraptur'd sing the praise
Of Bridget, Kate or Norah,
And Byron chant his dulcet lays
Of Haidee and Medora;
Evangeline or bonnie Jean,
Or pretty Annie Laurie,
Must all give place in form and face
To matchless Monique Dorie.

SONG: FAIR FLORA OF TUSKET.

THOU pure limpid Tusket still winding along
Through valleys and forests and lakes to the tide,
That never hast been yet the theme for a song,
Although near thy margin some poets reside,

The bard of old Scotia with rapture inspir'd,
Sang sweetly the Lugar, the Doon and the Ayr,
Until far and near his sweet songs are admir'd,
But chiefly the latter for Mary dwelt there.

No less would I sing of the Tusket where dwells
The charming young Flora, the maid I adore,
And who in externals and graces excels
The fam'd Scottish Queen, or fair Helen of yore.

Let dress-making ladies with labor intense
Still aid frugal Nature with padding emboss'd,
But Flora, fair Flora, with these can dispense,
For perfection is her's irrespective of cost.

HARDSCRATCH RABBITS.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON. FEBRUARY 1884.

'TIS true I am a hunter
And trapper too renown'd,
And daily go in winter
When snow is on the ground,
To extricate the rabbits
That strangle in my snares,
For well I know their habits—
But mind my own affairs;—
Then hoorah for Hardscratch rabbits!
None can with them compare,
And I sell them in the market
For twenty cents a pair.

This noosing is a pleasure—
Tho' some may on it frown,
Yet to me it is a treasure
When I bring them into town;—
High-pois'd upon my shoulder
And dangling 'gainst my back,
Or if the weather's colder,
I string them round my neck;—
Then hoorah for Hardscratch rabbits!
They far surpass all meat,—
This I have heard our gentry
From time to time repeat.

And well I know the places
Where rabbits nightly stray,—
Their gambols and embraces
Beneath the lunar ray;—
Know too the bud and berry—
The bark and herbage that

Make them so blythe and merry
And very, very fat;—
Then hoorah for Hardscratch rabbits!
They're now in daily use,—
Not Hooppole Hill nor Granderville
Such rabbits can produce.

'Tis thus I daily labor
To meet my wants and cares,
And oft assist a neighbor
To empty all his snares;
Lest prowling fox or bruin
Should give his rabbits pain
'Tis mine to save from ruin,
For I'm a man humane;—
Then hoorah for Hardscratch rabbits!
Let ev'ry voice proclaim,—
Now Squirrel town has lost renown
By Hardscratch rabbit fame.

No other food's comparing
To rabbit that I know,
It beats the eel and herring
Or boasted gaspereaux;—
'Tis fit for Duke or Marquis
When roasted, baked or fried,
And when he eats its carcass
Then he can sell its hide;—
Then hoorah for Hardscratch rabbits!
They're all that heart can wish,—
And then so cheap—no larder
Should want this sav'ry dish.

Let others sing the praises
Of carriboo and moose,
Or tell in neat-set phrases
The tastes of duck and goose,
But would they dine on rabbit
From Hardscratch swamp or swale,
Those men of nice-ton'd palate
Would tell another tale;—
Then hoorah for Hardscratch rabbits!
All others I contemn,
Not Texan hams nor Shakespeare's clams
Can be compar'd with them.

And ere I close this ditty,
A word I've yet to say,
The man I truly pity
Who has not Christmas day,
Or for his New Year's dinner
A Hardscratch rabbit nice,
He either is a "skinner"
Or he can't afford the price;—
Then hoorah for Hardscratch rabbits!
The very choice of food,
The reason that they're big and fat
Because their pasture's good.

YARMOUTH CLAMS.

"Let others praise the fishes of the flood,—
Be mine to sing the bivalves of the mud."—*Shakespeare.*

LET Clem Surette still boast and blow,
And tell how well he feels,
When full of shotten gaspereaux
Or pickl'd Tusket eels;
But all his praise and all he says,
My friends are only "bams,"
And are unmeet the taste to greet
With Yarmouth's juicy clams.

CHORUS:—

Then hip, hurrah! for Yarmouth clams,
Our fav'rite Winter dish,
No other cheer to us so dear,
As our big mud flat fish.

The clams that I, my friends, supply,
Are plough'd up ev'ry day,
All fresh and good the choice of food,
This all my patrons say;
And tho' the French oft dig and trench,
And trade them off for drams,
Yet all the great of sterling weight,
Prefer my new shell'd clams.

CHORUS:—Then hip, hurrah! &c.

In Nevis once in early days,
Say forty years or more,
I liv'd on plaintain, rice and maize,
And crabs along the shore;
And sometimes, too, I got a few
Of rough skinn'd, mealy yams,
But all these pale and truly fail,
Compar'd with Yarmouth clams.

CHORUS :—Then hip, hurrah! &c.

I've also fed on bullock's head,
Ox-liver, tripe and veal,
And frost-fish stale from Riverdale,
Smelts, shrimps and Conger-eel;
Besides I've ate of recent date
Some oily Texan hams,
But all I've nam'd tho' highly fam'd,
Must yield to Yarmouth clams.

CHORUS :—Then hip, hurrah! &c.

A lady gay the other day,
Heard an old Frenchman cry,
"My clams are nice, and cheap in price,
Come out my friends and buy,"
But when her eyes beheld the size,
Of his poor pigmy clams,
She turned aside and this replied,
"No sir—I'll wait for Sam's."

CHORUS :—Then hip, hurrah! &c.

'Tis thus my friends with list'ning ear,
Await my coming voice,
And for my rich bivalvic cheer
Their appetites rejoice;
And as I mete the quarts replete,
I've but to ope my palms,
When fast as hail, the cents prevail,
For my life-cheering clams.

CHORUS :—Then hip, hurrah! &c.

Now to confirm the honest fame
Of my delicious fish,
I've but to add the classic name,
Of gallant Captain Krish,

Who says he's fed on lobsters red,
Cow-heel, and flesh of rams,
But all *cuisine*, is poor and mean,
Compar'd with Yarmouth clams.

CHORUS:—

Then hip hurrah! for Yarmouth clams,
Our fav'rite Winter dish,
No other cheer to us so dear,
As our bivalvic fish.

THE HAUNTED STREAM.

THE ARGUMENT.

A certain old gentleman, who from boyhood had been accustomed to dipping alewives every Spring in Salmon River; and being naturally of a sordid disposition, is reported to have said, that he hoped he might be permitted, after death, to return and ply his favorite pursuit and prevent others from occupying his fishing privilege.

THERE is a stream that still meand'ring flows,
Until it mingles with the Tusket broad,
And bears the name of Salmon River; which
Name it got, no doubt, from our ancestors
Sage, long years ago; for the abundance
Of large salmon caught therein; but subtle men
Who near its banks reside, with schemes profound,
Of trap and gin, and lure insidious,
Have made their numbers less, and forc'd them hence
T' more congenial streams, where reproduction
Would less peril know.
But tho' they're almost gone,
Yet yearly come in May and early June
The migratory shoals of alewives good;
And much desir'd are they, to those who live
Adjacent; and to whom belong domains
Contiguous to the wave; for they have claims
To walls erect, and circumscribe the stream
To narrow bounds; then daily ply the net
With skill artistic, the finny treasure
To secure for use domestic, or sold
To sable natives of the torrid zone.

But to my tale :—one hazy night of late
Preceding Sabbath, when moon and stellar
Orbs were all obscur'd, and silence reign'd supreme,
Save for the action of the rippling tide,
That broke monot'nous on the shingly shore.
Two fishermen who farther down the stream
Their labor plied, forc'd from their rock-built "stands"
By ocean's swell, were homeward wending with
Their finny fare, and nearing fast the place
Where he the subject of my theme was wont
To fish, when lo! appear'd a spectre pale,
And in its shrivell'd hand a pole it held;
While at its far extreme a net was seen,
Which ever and anon it deftly threw
Into the flood, and with a dextrous sleight
Into his skiff, remov'd whate'er it found.
At sight of which our fishers with affright
Invok'd in accents high the sacred name,
To shield them from all jeopardy and harm:
Then sought in eager haste, with pallid looks,
And trembling frames, their mansions rude that stand
A short way westward from the upper bridge:
And to this day, those men, when question'd, state
They saw what I've describ'd, and ready are
To vouch for it:—of this, the poet doubts,
And fain would know from modern sages, or
Divines profound, whose province 'tis to guide
Our mental rays, in things pertaining to
The future life. Great Doctor Johnson, once,
As I have read, believ'd that from the dead
A visitor at intervals appear'd
Again on earth, some mission to perform,
Then let us know ye men of sapience,
If such is not, and superstition keep
Aloof from many in this place, who are
Dispos'd to credence give to this, or 'twill
Descend to future ages, and produce
A mighty dread of spectres from the tomb.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

IN the charming month of June
When warblers are in tune,
And nature all blooming with fragrance and smile,
By twilight have I stray'd
With Mary, matchless maid,
Along the flow'ry margin of the winding Argyle.

She's as stately as a queen
With a countenance serene,
And a mind far above all deception and wile;
Men may boast of ladies fair,
But they never can compare
To Mary, peerless Mary, on the banks of the Argyle.

And when my charmer deigns
To sing the dulcet strains,
Of Burns's Highland Mary or Erin's poor exile;
Oh! 'tis then she melts the heart
With her sweet, untutor'd art
And reigns without a rival on the banks of the Argyle.

Oh! would now this peerless fair,
Vouchsafe to hear my pray'r
And be my loving consort I'd never her beguile;
But retire to rural joys,
Far from city's pomp and noise,
And live and love my Mary on the banks of the Argyle.

MICK'S CAMPAIGN.

OH! my heart was sore and sick,
When my fighting husband Mick
Sailed away from his dear native isle,
The bold rebel chief to meet
And his columns to defeat
Near the banks of the mud-bearing Nile.

'Twas the Eighty Eight far fam'd
And the "Faganbealachs" nam'd
To which my gallant spouse did belong;
And each battle's fate they sway'd
In the field or escalcade
Or Wolseley's great bulletins are wrong:—

But my hero has been spar'd
Tho' 'tis seen he roughly fared
For he's minus an arm and a leg,
But tough substitutes of wood,
Our rich nation has made good
With the privilege accorded to beg.

This the government extends
To its foe-destroying friends
With the meed of great martial applause,
And most amply too protects
For their physical defects
When they're lost in the national cause.

And my "boy" a medal has
Made of nickel, lead and brass,
Which for merit he proudly does claim;
And on which there is emboss'd
At the governmental cost
Tel el Kebir's Egyptian name.

And my love for loss sustain'd
Has a gen'rous pension gain'd
For his life, of a shilling per day;
So the nation's kind and good,
And shews its gratitude
By this sumptuary lib'ral pay.

Besides dear Mick is bright,
And nice ballads can indite,
And sell them at wedding and fair;
So with this precious gift
And the shilling we can shift
Thro' our dear native isle anywhere.

COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

FROM friends and sorr'wing kindred here,
Sweet sister, thou art fled,
And join'd the ransom'd who appear
Before their living Head.

Oh! how shall we thy absence bear?
The weary hours beguile?
Since we on earth no more can share
The banquet of thy smile.

No more in earthly courts shalt thou
The choral notes prolong,
A robe and crown adorn thee now,
And in thy mouth—a song.

And in that world supremely bright
No darkness can annoy,
The Lamb alone diffuses light,
And universal joy.

Oh! no, we would not wish thee back,
Thou tender, priceless gem,
Far better thou should'st shining deck,
The Saviour's diadem.

Then farewell Mary—once our care,
And darling of our heart,
If 'twere His will we'd join thee there,
And never, never part.

INVITATION TO BAZAAR SUPPER, AUCTION, &c.

BY DEACON DEMAS DOOLITTLE.

HO! all ye folks of ev'ry creed,
Come to our nice bazaar,
Where you can purchase what you need,
At prices cheaper far
Than any elsewhere can be got,
Of ev'ry thing that's good,
Say duck, or goose, or turkey hot,
Or rich bivalvic food;
And we've engaged Miss Spriggs to-night,
Than whom none can excel
In tuning up the organ bright,
No doubt will please you well;
And you can purchase what you choose,—
For we will have for sale
Nice wares fit for domestic use,
And sell them "off the nail;"
Besides we'll have an auctioneer,
A man of virtue high,
Who labors for his Master dear
With zeal and single eye;

But should this sale abortive prove,
Then we will have recourse
To "Raffle;" which, my friends, should move
The sterling from your purse;—
But should this method too be miss'd,
We'll try the "Grab-bag" then
And each in turn shove in his fist
And catch whate'er he can;—
With other plans too long to shew,
Will merriment afford,
And when you freely spend you know,
You're lending to the Lord.
You'll aid our pious sister-band
Their church to paint anew,
And all the ceiling *fresco* grand,
And cushion ev'ry pew;
Then come along my friends and eat
Of viands cold or hot,
You may depend you'll get a treat,
If money you have got;
Or should you think the bag is best,
Or raffle—what you will,
My benediction on you rest,
And grace attend you still.—
Amen.

TO SUMMER.

MRS. BARBAULD IMITATED.

FROM the sweet sunny southland comes a virgin array'd
In loose flowing garments—and seeks the cool shade—
And often performs her ablutions in streams
To strengthen her system from noon-falling beams;
With the acids of berries, her lips and her tongue
She cools with delight—while she revels among
The melon and apple and cherry's kind juice,
Which around in profusion are pour'd for her use.
The haymakers tann'd in their rustic employ
All welcome her coming with exquisite joy;
And the sheepshearer, too, with his loud-sounding shears,
Removes the thick fleece when this virgin appears.
Then say youths and maidens with ready acclaim,
If you know this fair virgin? and what is her name?

OUR MUSEUM.

COMPOSED, 1878.

LET rhymers like Tom Jones and Hayes,
Their rough rude voices loudly raise,
On railroad songs and Grubstreet lays;
Or such like scum,
Be mine the pleasing task to praise
Our museum.

'Twas merely nominal till late,—
And thing of superficial weight,
But growing now at rapid rate
None can deny;
This, both our weekly journals state,
And they wont lie.

Of contributors thereunto,
We've got of townsmen not a few,
Who've brought us things all strangely new,
From lands afar,
And plac'd them full before our view
Just as they are.

Yes, men are they of search profound,
And eke in science far renown'd,
Who've sail'd the ocean all around
For many a day,
And trod Antipodean ground,
Far—far away.

Besides we've got on native coast,
Rare things of which we're proud to boast,
Brought here by men all free of cost,
From towns around,
And weapons that we thought were lost,
But have been found:

Such as the pistol Woodo had,
The highway desperado lad,
Who would have shot Tipstaff when mad
Or lopp'd a limb,
Of this no doubt some would been glad
To've happen'd him.

Moreover too from Beach below,
Dug out with P——y's old grub-hoe,
We've got a razor-fish to shew
Somewhat defac'd;
Besides a snow white carrion-crow
From Lapland's waste.

Again, we also may remark,
We've got the jaws of tropic shark,
With toad from some foul cavern dark,
And mammoth clam,—
Brought here in old Tom Tucker's barque
From Surinam.

Of coins we farther too can say,
Some just arriv'd the other day,
From Madagascar and Cathay,
And somewhat later—
We got from streams of Paraguay
An alligator.

We also have from Latakoo
A paroquet and cockatoo,
Besides a nondescript quite new
From Ludaner;—
Some call it demon—some yahoo—
And some—a bear:

And in our museum may be seen
A beautiful West-India bean,
And from the river Corentyn
Electric eel,
Whose magic touch is "all serene,"
To shock and heal.

We've got Don Quixote's hat and queue,
And old Powhattan's birch canoe,
With sword once used by Rod'rick Dhu
Of Alpine claims;
When he in battle almost slew
Proud James Fitzjames.

And from Australian forests gay,
We got a "dingo" t'other day,
And now is coming on the way
A sable swan;
Besides a monkey grogram gray
From Yucatan.

A lobster's claw we've also got,
That from Chebogue was lately brought,
Would fill a good siz'd iron pot,
With eye of whale.
Besides an owl Patt Ryan shot,
And horn of snail.

A strawsack too we've got of late,
Brought here in Smith, the smuggler's, freight,
Once own'd by Peter, term'd the Great—
The Russian Czar,
When he in Harlaam toil'd and sweat,
In shipyard "thare."

And from Kempt's wild surroundings—where
Roam moose and fox and brawny bear,
We've got a head-dress rich and rare,
Of Mic-mac stern;
Compos'd of feathers, bark and hair,
Found 'neath a cairn.

Of fossils too, we have and own
Varieties from every zone;
With ivory from Mogul throne—
And strange to tell!
We've unavalve in form of cone,
And cockle-shell.

But I must now description end,
Altho' there's far more might be penn'd,
But if I live I yet intend
This theme to try;
Meanwhile to ev'ry reading friend,
I say good-bye.

ON CREATION.

AS works progress'd of Architect Divine,
A period arriv'd in which this Earth
Was to exist—and when th' signal moment
Predestin'd from Eternity was come,
The Deity in puissance arose,
And at His high creative word sprang forth
From nonexistence this stupendous globe
On which we dwell; as yet in chaos crude,

But by command supreme the briny flood
Converging flow'd into a reservoir
Capacious.—Then mountain, hill and plain
That lay submerg'd arose, responsive at
His word,—and on the far horizon's verge
Of the ethereal sky suspended
Refulgent shone a light-emitting orb;
With minor beam reflective, clear and cold,
Conjoin'd with twinkling stellar rays minute,
The night to cheer, illume and beautify.
Anon with teeming life the azure main
Was stock'd—while on the wing exulting soar'd
The various plumage bright; or on the spray
Attun'd aloud their grateful, raptur'd song.
With verdure sweet the hills and valleys yield
Abundant food, in order to sustain
The grazing herds fresh from their Maker's hand.
And lastly from the dust in order rang'd,
By plastic hand of the Creator wise,
Erect stood forth the majesty of man;
A composite of mortal and divine,
With reason bless'd and moral agence
Free :—commission'd from on High all kinds to
Name, and o'er them hold th' universal sway.
And as the morning starry orbs look'd down
On the creation new, ecstatic strains
Divine arose, and all the Sons of God
With acclamation loud proclaim'd His praise.

A PARAPHRASE ON THOMSON'S REVIEW OF THE SEASONS.

THESE as they change, Almighty King,
Are varied blessings sent,
The rolling year is full of Thee,
Through Nature's vast extent;
First in the balmy, breezy Spring,
Thy fost'ring hand is seen,
The slopes bedeck'd with wildling flow'rs,
The vales in deepest green.
Wide flush the fields—the forest smiles
In tender verdure clad,
While sense-regaling scents abound
Makes ev'ry bosom glad.

Thy glory in the Summer months
With heat refulgent shines,
To full perfection bring'st the corn,
And swell'st the fruitag'd vines ;
And oft Thy voice in thunder speaks
Along the concav'd sky,
While hollow-whisp'ring breezes waft
The fragrant odours by.
Thy bounties rich in Autumn sere,
Thy hand benignant gives,
A common feast to all mankind,
And ev'ry thing that lives.
In hoary Winter awful Thou,
When howling tempests rise,
Impelling fast the cutting hail,
Along the lurid skies.
High over all thou rid'st sublime,
And reign'st for evermore,
And variest nature with Thy word,
To gratefully adore.

TO SPRING.

GO climes oppos'd old hoary Winter's fled,
With all his train of elemental strife ;
While lakes and streams that long imprison'd lay
In cold embrace of stern hibernal gloom,
Swell'd by the tepid rain and genial sun,
Usurp their bounds and devious rush
With urgent force, and roar as on they go.
Warm from the sunny South, o'er mountain tops,
The healthy fragrance-freighted breeze descends
Into the vale. The vale revivifies
And kindly adds its hoarded rich perfume.
Delightful Spring, old Nature's nurse thou art ;
And thine the rosy dawn, with pearly gems
Unnumber'd, pendent on the spray of herbage
Green, glist'ning and transparent ; while foremost
Of the diverse tints and hues of Flora's
Wildling tribes—our tiny modest flower of
May, Acadia's emblem, unfolds its
Petals gay, on Southern sylvan slope, or
Shelter'd nook, and odour sweet exhales.

While
Birds of passage, late from distant austral
Shores, make woods resound with various song.
And from their torpid, dreary, dark abodes,
By sense instinctive—the insect sleepers
Wake to life anew, and on the wing display
Their sheeny plumage, in the noontide ray.

LOVELY ANN.

A SONG.

AWAY with all flounc'd-flaunting dames,
All *rouge*-painted faces go hence,
My Ann has superior claims
To beauty than all your pretence;
She is young—she is modest and tall—
Her motion is free from restraint,
And what is much better than all,
She knows no adornment of paint.

Old Nature to make her complete,
Has given a voice all admire;
Her song is exquisitely sweet,
Outrivalling all in the choir;
And more—she's got charms of the mind,
For all who have heard her admit
They're elegant, sweet and refin'd,
With pleasantry, humor and wit.

No gewgaws of tinsel or lace,
To draw—to attract—or beguile—
For beauty's enthron'd on her face,
And innocence beams in her smile.
I've travell'd in climes far away,
And many fair ladies I've seen,
But high over all I must say
She reigns their superlative queen.

REMINISCENCES OF MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

TO days long departed my memory flies,
When I in my unpractis'd youth,
Saw all things as bright as the unclouded skies,
Or clear as the fountain of truth,
When with spirits all buoyant I went to the school,
With nonage all cheerful and bright,
And the pedagogue, Paddy, expounded each rule,
And taught us to cipher and write.
And well I remember when school time was o'er,
We often have met in the square,
And forgot for the moment the mind-raising lore,
To practice dear athletics there;
At foot-ball or wrestle—at leap-frog or race—
We offer'd our muscular skill,
For to stand th' unmatch'd and th' foremost in place,
Was our wish and recurring thought still:
But minds and desires, aspirations and time,
Make oceans and lands interpose,
To sojourn far away in a pestilent clime,
Where coffee or cotton-plant grows;
And many have gone to far Austral shores,
Of auriferous products in quest,
And some to the land where Niagara roars,
And some to the isles of the West;
While some are at rest in the dear fatherland,
And some on the battle-field sleep,
And some too repose on the Zealander's strand,
And some are interr'd in the deep;
And we who remain must soon yield our breath,
For this is kind Heaven's behest,
Must enter the portal and shadow of death,
E'er we can unite with the bless'd.

PADDY MULLOY.

ON the mountains of Mourne, all rugged and torn,
And mortals are rude and untam'd,
Lived Paddy Mulloy, "och! the broth of a boy,"
For drinking and cock-fighting fam'd;

He once got an egg from Tim Fagan—a wag—
Who said it was true Irish stock,
And if he would then clap it under a hen,
He might soon have a famous game-cock;
"Begorra!" said Patt, "myself will do that,"
And put it 'neath softly and well,—
When four weeks were o'er, perchance a day more,
A biped emerg'd from the shell;
Then Paddy amaz'd clos'd an optic and gaz'd,
And thus its appearance did greet,
"By the Grecian Mars, your bill's not for wars,
But Satan can't trip up your feet."

STANZAS TO E. STONE WIGGINS, Esq.

1883.

OH! E. Stone Wiggins, wondrous seer,
Say may an humble bard draw near
With honest rhyme?
And tell you, sir, that you outvie,
All rivals in astrology,
Since Ellwell's time.

'Tis yours my friend to mark and scan
All secrets of the starry plan
The Heavens o'er;
And warn us of impending ills,
And seek asylums on the hills,
Far from the shore.

'Twas well you told us of the storm,
That was to break in dreadful form,
Along the waves;
That made the fishers shun the deep,
Not wishing for the time to sleep
In ocean caves.

For had they gone 'tis certain, they
Would ne'er seen Massachusetts bay
Or native home;
For nought but a "Cunarder" good
In such a howling tempest could
Divide the foam.

And now my friend a word to you
Of what transpir'd in Cape Forchu,
Of recent date,
That will no doubt your mind engage,
And shew our faith in your presage
Of ruin great.

'Bout forty miles from Cape Forchu,
There stands a mountain, nam'd the "Blue,"
Well, thither fled
Some days before the storm came down
Jehiel Quirk and Prudence Brown,
And Deacon Head.

There was a mortal, too, call'd Tom
Who lived in Milton, started from
His home and wife,
And trudg'd away to Kempt afar,
To shun the elemental war,
And lengthen life.

While others with solicitude,
Made ev'ry effort to elude
The coming harm;
And sent their wives and children sweet
Far inland to a safe retreat,
On Prosser's farm.

Besides my friend of great esteem,
Your prophecy was all our theme
For weeks before;
And doors and windows were secur'd
And vessels all were doubly moor'd
Along the shore.

At length it came—but oh! my muse
We're all unfit to sing the news,
And therefore will
At present stop, lest we might rue
Our vain attempt, but leave it to
Some abler quill.

THE DOORKEEPER ON DUTY.

ONE eve in chill November,
I ventur'd on a walk,
'Twas Sabbath, I remember,
And hour 'bout eight o'clock,

As up thro' Pitt street wending,
I heard in House of Prayer,
Sweet vocal notes ascending
That seem'd to call me there;
Then to the sacred portal
I bent my way with speed,
And there beheld a mortal
Of Israelitish seed,
To whom I said, "dear Judas,
Pray will you deign to quit
Your post, and be as good as
To shew me where to sit;"
But there he stood uncaring
For me as granite rocks,
With vision wildly glaring
And pointing to a box;
I soon found out his pleasure,
Which was that I should care
And give of worldly treasure,
All that my heart could spare;
Then to the place directed,
I went and left my store
And said, "Am I accepted,
For I have nothing more,"
To which the Jewish shaver
Replied in accents sweet,
"Now for your lib'ral favor
You'll get a welcome seat;"
Then bidding me to follow,
My willing feet he led,
And pointing to a vacance
The Hebrew quickly fled.

LONGING FOR THE LAUREL.

FACETIÆ.

I long to get the laurel-bough,
With leaves of verdant hue,
To garnish my poetic brow,
And proudly wear it too;
To know that I am Prince of Song,
And all confess me such,
And be extoll'd by ev'ry tongue,
I covet very much;—

I long the classic hills and plains
  Of sunny Greece to see,
Where erst great Homer sang his strains
  Of peerless poetry;
I long to scale Parnassus' heights,
  On Pegasus astride,
O'ertopping far the Condor's flights
  In my aerial ride;
I reck not if my pants are torn,
  By sitting 'thwart the spine
Of knife-back'd nag, if I am borne
  Before the sacred nine.
The subtile ether to inhale
  Of that exalted clime,
Then to compose I cannot fail,
  To strike the true sublime;
And know these charming vestals will
  All exigencies meet,
And soon remove my dishabille,
  And clothe me up complete;
And on the table will, no doubt,
  (But not ambrosial food)
Place London ale or Dublin stout,
  With viands strong and good,
And as I taste their festive cheer
  To shew their fond regard,
They oft may whisper in my ear
  Thou art our fav'rite bard.
Then let me have the laurel-bough,
  With leaves of verdant hue,
To garnish my poetic brow,
  And proudly wear it too.

SONG: KITTIE CAMPBELL.

OF all the maids in lane or street,
  That I meet in my ramble,
The fairest that I ever meet
  Is charming Kittie Campbell:
With stately tread and ringlets red,
  She looks so sweet and pretty,
All other maids before her fade,
  When they're compar'd with Kittie.

Her mind's replete with learning bright,—
Her dress is neat and simple,
Her eye is radiant with delight,
And on her cheek a dimple:
To see her smile I'd go a mile,
And hear her talk so witty,
And truly own the joys I've known
In converse with my Kittie.

Of ladies fair let lovers chaunt
In sweet poetic measure,
This liberty I freely grant
If they except my treasure;
All must allow and truly bow,
In village, town and city,
That ev'ry grace of form and face
Is center'd in my Kittie.

And when in Winter's lengthy reign,
When sleet and snow are falling,
And penury and pinching pain
Assail the widow's dwelling;
Then from her store to widow's door,
She gives with kindly pity
The timely food, with gentle mood,
So thoughtful is my Kittie.

JOHN THE RAZOR.

TUNE—BETSY BAKER.

OH! yes I've seen some shaving clean,
In town and fishing harbor,
E'en Mr. Sloane for shaving known,
Must pale before my barber;
He'll give a seat then smiling sweet,
To you he'll kindly say, sir,
"I'll shew my skill if you'll keep still,
For I am John the Razor.

If you've a beard rough, thick and hard
As hide besêt with bristles,
Like rabid boar from Finland's shore,
Or hair like steel-made missiles;

My dext'rous hand and sweeping brand
Unerringly will play, sir,
Till you're as clean as new shell'd bean,
For I am John the Razor.

In Cape Forchu I've shav'd a few,
Of fishermen and sailors,
With guttermen and now then
Clam-diggers, clowns and tailors,
And ev'ry trade that wants my blade,
Must liberally pay, sir,
This well they'll know before they go,
For I am John the Razor.

Then come along you chin-hair'd throng,
From ship and shop and college,
You'll own *en masse* that I surpass,
In keen tonsorial knowledge;
And to disburse pray bring your purse,
For this I surely say, sir,
You must impart for this my art,
For I am John the Razor.

If hair decay and turning gray,
Or baldness on you seizing,
I'll cure them both in hue and growth,
And set all right and pleasing;
Then come elate to Yarmouth straight,
Near Millar's on the way, sir,
I'll *lather* you and shave you too,
For I am John the Razor."

ODE TO POVERTY.

OH! thou the nymph with sunken eye
And pallid cheek, forever nigh
To me, a hungry bard,
To thee this lay I dedicate,
Presiding genius o'er my fate,
And friend of thy regard.

I long have tried to shun thy face,
And ran in many a mazy race,
To leave thy meagre look,—
But all in vain—thy aspect stood
Still by my side bereft of food,
In ev'ry way I took.

I often wonder'd—why not keep
With those who play, and eat and sleep,
And never till the sod?
But no—thou only dwell'st with him
The daily frame-worn Nethinim,
And carrier of the hod.

Well be it so—thou creature gaunt—
A day will come I will not want
Thy niggard bounties more,
And why thou keep'st me meanly clad,
My frame emaciate and sad,
Won't be explained before.

Yet Paul enjoins that we assent
To godly live, and be content,
And ne'er distrust or doubt;
For into life we nothing brought,
And all that we have fondly got,
We cannot carry out.

Thanks for that lesson—low I bow—
And see its opposite—just now,
With truthfulness impress'd;
And know those bold aspirants—who
Would fain be rich pierce keenly thro',
Their spirits with unrest.

Then I will never more repine,
Tho' penury and toil be mine,
Nor envy worldly great;
But emulate the good and wise,
And leave the rich their luxuries,
For more intrinsic weight.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this green sward lies the dust of a Bard,
Who sang miscellaneous strains,
And who was as poor, as a hind on a moor,
And oft got abuse for his pains;—
His heart was not made for traffic and trade,
Like some in this town he could name;
His was to aspire to something still higher,
A niche in the Temple of Fame.